

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1364.—July 23, 1870.

## CONTENTS.

1. WHAT IS MONEY? . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . . . .	198
2. PLINY THE YOUNGER, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	209
3. DOROTHY FOX. Part VI. . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . . . .	218
4. A CLEVER FORGERY, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . . . .	229
5. KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUMAN HEART, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	235
6. THE MIGRATION OF FABLES, . . . . .	<i>The Times</i> , . . . . .	238
7. ON THE EXTRACT OF MEAT, . . . . .	<i>Nature</i> , . . . . .	239
8. STERNE'S DAUGHTER, . . . . .	<i>Athenæum</i> , . . . . .	242
9. FRENCH CRITICISMS ON DICKENS, . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , . . . . .	243
10. ALPINE RAILWAYS, . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> , . . . . .	244
11. THE LAST JAPANESE BLUE-BOOK, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	246
12. JAPAN IN 1860, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	248
13. WHAT IS HUMOUR? . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	250
14. MR. GOSCHEN ON THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	253
15. CANADA AS AN ALLY, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	254

## POETRY.

FOUR SONNETS BY JEAN INGELOW, . . . . .	194	3. On the Borders of Canoeck Chase	
1. Work, . . . . .		4. To ———	
2. Wishing, . . . . .		MODERN VERSIONS OF THE CLASSICS, . . . . .	194

## SHORT ARTICLES.

A LILLIPUTIAN REVOLUTION, . . . . .	208	DISCOVERY OF SOME OF THE MISSING	
UNDERGROUND FLOWERS, . . . . .	217	BOOKS OF LIVY, . . . . .	228
PLANTS OF FOSSIL SOILS, . . . . .	228	RESTORATION OF THE ALHAMBRA, . . . . .	239

NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.	
" " Second " " 20 " 50 "	
" " Third " " 32 " 80 "	
The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "	

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

## PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, un-  
abridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in num-  
bers, price \$10.

## FOUR SONNETS BY JEAN INGELow.

## I. — WORK.

Like coral insects multitudinous  
 The minutes are whereof our life is made.  
 They build it up as in the deep's blue shade  
 It grows, it comes to light, and then, and thus  
 For both there is an end. The populous  
 Sea-blossoms close, our minutes that have paid  
 Life's debt of work are spent; the work is laid  
 Before their feet that shall come after us.  
 We may not stay to watch if it will speed,  
 The tard if on some luter's string his song  
 Live sweetly yet; the hero if his star  
 Doth shine. Work is its own best earthly meed,  
 Else have we none more than the sea-born  
 throng  
 Who wrought those marvellous isles that bloom  
 afar.

## II. — WISHING.

When I reflect how little I have done,  
 And add to that how little I have seen,  
 Then furthermore how little I have won  
 Of joy, or good, how little known, or been;  
 I long for other life more full, more keen,  
 And yearn to change with such as well have  
 run.  
 Yet reason mocks me — nay, the soul, I ween,  
 Granted her choice would dare to change with  
 none,  
 No, — not to feel, as Blondel when his lay  
 Pierced the strong tower, and Richard an-  
 swered it —  
 No, not to do, as Eustace on the day  
 He left fair Calais to her weeping fit —  
 No, not to be Columbus, waked from sleep  
 When his new world rose from the charmed  
 deep.

## III. — ON THE BORDERS OF CANNOCK CHASE.

A cottager leaned whispering by her hives,  
 Telling the bees some news, as they lit down,  
 And entered one by one their waxen town.  
 Larks passioning hung o'er their brooding  
 wives,  
 And all the sunny hills where heather thrives,  
 Lay satisfied with peace. A stately crown  
 Of trees enringed the upper headland brown,  
 And reedy pools, wherein the moorhen dives,  
 Glittered and gleamed.

A resting-place for light,  
 They that were bred here love it; but they say,  
 "We shall not have it long; in three years'  
 time  
 A hundred pits will cast out fires by night,  
 Down yon still glen their smoke shall trail its  
 way,  
 And the white ash lie thick in lieu of rime."

## IV. — To —

STRANGE was the doom of Hercules, whose shade  
 Had dwelling in dim Hades the unblest,  
 While yet his form and presence sat a guest  
 With the old immortals when the feast was  
 made.

Thine like, thus differs; form and presence laid  
 In this dim chamber of enforced rest,  
 It is the unseen "shade" which risen, hath  
 pressed  
 Above all heights where feet Olympian strayed.  
 My soul admires to hear thee speak; thy thought  
 Falls from a high place like an August star,  
 Or some great eagle from his air-hung rings;  
 When swooping past a snow-cold mountain  
 scar —  
 Down the steep slope of a long sunbeam brought,  
 He stirs the wheat with the steerage of his  
 wings.

Good Words.

## MODERN VERSIONS OF THE CLASSICS.

## THE POET TO THE PAINTER.

*(In the original metre of Anacreon.)*

HITHER, dearest of all artists,  
 Of thy gentle craft the master;  
 Linn for me, as I shall tell thee,  
 Linn my too long absent lady.

Paint me first her flowing tresses,  
 Soft and golden as the sunbeams,  
 Though, alas, thy cunning canvas  
 Cannot breathe their myrrhy sweetness;  
 Then, beneath their sunny halo,  
 Paint her chaste and ivory forehead;  
 And her eyebrows gently arching,  
 Neither mingle nor dis sever —  
 Let them blend, as in my loved one,  
 With a mystery of beauty,  
 Bridging o'er the orbs beneath them.

Then those eyes — ah, gentle painter,  
 Wouldst thou reproduce them truly,  
 At the one time thou must lend them  
 All the fire thy pencil knoweth;  
 At another, make them flashing  
 With the wisdom of Minerva;  
 And anon suffused with passion,  
 Like the glance of Aphrodite.

And, to paint the *tout-ensemble*,  
 Blend the roses with the lily;  
 Paint her lip like soft Persuasion's,  
 The beholder's kiss provoking;  
 And about her whitest bosom  
 Throne each separate Grace in glory.  
 Clothe her, as my royal lady,  
 In a robe of queenly purple:  
 Let its thin and gauzy drapings  
 Veil but slenderly her body,  
 Lest men doubt if she be mortal.

Hold, enough: I seem to see her,  
 Seem to hope the tinted canvas  
 Will take life and voice, and greet me  
 In my lady-love's own accents!

Tinsley's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.  
WHAT IS MONEY?

AND HAS IT ANY EFFECT ON THE RATE OF DISCOUNT?

I PROPOSE to speak on a very familiar subject. Money is so well-known a thing that it seems to be an almost wantonly idle occupation to set about explaining it to grown-up men. Yet there is scarcely a word in the whole range of political economy which more urgently calls for an accurate and rigorous definition of its meaning than the word money. Every science in turn has cruelly suffered from the loose habit of attaching many ill-digested, and often conflicting, senses to the same word; but none, I believe, has been so great a victim in this respect as political economy. It borrows its language from common life; it is compelled, as a science, to assign to it a sharply determined meaning; but it is most difficult to impress that meaning on the common understanding of men. The every-day world uses language after its own fashion, with little reflection and no science; it is ever transferring the same term to different objects, often from a fancied similarity which has no foundation in fact. Political economy is thus exposed to perpetual misinterpretation. The mischief, however, would be comparatively slight if it were confined to its hearers; but it spreads even to its teachers, and the ravages which it then commits are disastrous. The loose expressions of common talk are made the foundation of scientific exposition; they are taken as the primary elements of the science; and the inaccuracy they involve becomes the more mischievous precisely in proportion as the deductions are drawn with severe and skilful logic. It thus behoves the political economist, beyond all other men of science, to be jealous of the language which he is forced to procure from common life, and to be careful of the exact nature of the first principles which he derives from it. Had this great rule been more faithfully and more generally observed, the word money would not have needed the definition which it requires to-day.

What then is money? Is it a word

which belongs to many different things or to one only? Is it a generic term, comprising within its range several substances individually distinct but all distinguished by some common qualities? or is it a name for one special and determinate object? In answering these questions we are fortunately able to take our start from a point on which all are agreed, on which there is no difference of opinion whatever. It is a great matter that there is a sense of the word money which no one disputes, which is equally recognized by the man of science and by every other person in the community. Coin is money. Money may express something else besides, but that coin is included in the expression money is a proposition which none will challenge. The derivation itself of the word proclaims the fact. It comes from *Moneta*, the temple of Juno Moneta, in which the Roman coin was made, the mint from which the stamped pieces of metal were issued which constituted the currency of Rome. The word money consequently is an expression which implies minting, that is, the shaping and stamping those metallic coins which are required for the purposes of buying and selling. So far the political economist is on safe ground—he has a first principle from which he may derive every logical consequence with perfect security. Whatever is true of coin is true of money. Every result which the analysis of coin yields belongs equally to money; science acquires a definite and tangible substance which will teach much about the nature of money.

Let us consider, then, what instruction the examination of a coin can yield us. It is a shaped piece of metal with a mark upon it. The first point to observe is that it is a valuable article; the metal is precious, very expensive to procure, possessed of high value. Whoever has obtained a sovereign, whether on the sale of goods or in payment of a debt, has given twenty shillings' worth of property to acquire it. This is a most important fact. You cannot bear it too constantly in mind; you will find it do good service when we come to deal with City articles and City authorities, who assure the world that it is always an excellent thing to import gold into England, who like the balance of trade, as they

\* Read to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, April 12.

call it, to be in England's favour, and who rejoice when they hear of large arrivals of gold from Australia. The question immediately arises, Why do civilized nations buy this costly metal? It is easy to understand the purchase of food and clothing, of ornaments for house and garden, they are needed for consumption and enjoyment. But it is otherwise with coin; it is not procured for pleasure or ornamentation—nay, it is obtained only to be parted with at the first opportunity. The answer is plain—coin is manufactured in order to effect a service; in other words, it is a tool which has the work it performs as the sole reason of its creation. It is a machine whose end is not in itself, but in the function it discharges; an instrument of the same class as a ship, or a cart, or a railway, a means of conveyance. Who buys a merchant ship or a cart for the purposes of enjoyment, or for any other object than the transport of merchandise? It is the same with sovereigns, they are useless except for the purpose of conveying property from one person to another; only, unlike ships, they do their work by being got rid of—*vitam in vulnere ponunt*. But why is such a tool, such an instrument of conveyance required? Because without its intervention society would be brought to a standstill, for those who wanted to obtain goods would seldom find sellers who needed those which they had to offer in exchange. The tailor might starve before he found a baker who wanted a coat. So as civilization advanced an effective contrivance was invented in coin, which every one consented voluntarily to take in exchange for the goods he had to sell, because he knew that when he himself required to buy he would be able to get other property of the same value as that which he had sold for coin: and the circumstance that every man is willing to sell his goods for coin furnishes the great additional convenience that all property is measured by coin, and, consequently, the values of every kind of goods can be compared easily with one another. The method by which coin discharges its duty of conveying is also clear. It gives to the seller a commodity, a substance of equal intrinsic value with the property it purchases; it places in the hands of a tailor a portion of

metal, which is worth to a goldsmith as much as the coat is worth to the tailor.

We see now the nature of coin, and the process by which it accomplishes its function; would only that its several elements were as carefully remembered as they are easily understood when laid before the mind. And thus we learn what money is—for coin is money, and what is true of coin is true also of money. Money, then, is a tool for exchanging property, for enabling a man who has property which he does not want to obtain other property in exchange for it. It thus substitutes an indirect for a direct process, double barter for single barter. Time, however, is not an essential part of the exchange; the goods may be given and the delivery of the equivalent of coin or metal may be adjourned, but the transaction remains the same. The man who sells on credit and receives payment in coin at a later period still performs an act of barter and exchanges his merchandise for metal. This function of money, to serve as a ship or cart, or a tool, to convey property from one man to another, is its one and only use, it has none other. So long as the metal remains in the state of coin it is worthless for any other purpose; and again I beg those who preach that a favourable balance of trade which brings in gold is always a good thing, and who measure the value of a trade by the amount of purchases paid in gold which foreigners make of English goods, to remember this cardinal truth, and to reflect on the consequences which it involves.

We can perceive now why it is that sellers are willing to accept coin in exchange for their goods. They obtain an equivalent of property for that which they part with. They no longer possess the same property, but they still hold property of the same value. The essence of that value lies in the worth of the metal, in its worth for buying to gilders and jewellers, and all those who require it for use. That worth is determined for the precious metals by the same causes as govern other commodities, by their cost of production. The tailor values his coat at the cost of his labour and of the materials he has been obliged to procure. Upon precisely the same consideration the miner cal-



culates the remuneration for which he can afford to carry on his search for gold and silver. The seller rests on a solid basis; when he grasps the sovereign he possesses a piece of property of value as real as the value of a sheep or a pair of shoes; the barter of the goods against the gold is an exchange of two substantial and real equivalents.

We have now reached the second stage of this division of our subject — all coin is money, but is all money coin? Here I am at once confronted by a vast mass of very diversified usage. In the common language of the world bank-notes are almost universally called money. The phrase paper-money has made for itself an established position. It is currently used as an expression of perfect legitimacy. Bills are also, though much less frequently, called money. Cheques are far more largely endowed with this designation. A shopkeeper counting up his receipts, amongst which cheques enter as a large figure, a depositor taking cash and cheques to his bankers, a banker casting up the receipts and payments of the day, all speak of cheques as money. Above all, the means of which bankers dispose, the resources which they lend to borrowers, the commodity in which they are described as dealing, are all pre-eminently styled money. The word reaches its culminating point of glory in the sonorous and compendious expression, the money-market. There the expressions — money is abundant or money is scarce; the rate for money is high or low; bankers are full of money, or bankers have no money to lend — are on the lips of every merchant and every trader. Even a journal of such high intelligence as the *Economist*, in expounding the situation of the banking world, speaks of its funds, week after week, as money. This marvellous word runs the same course in ordinary as in commercial life. A rich man is said to have so much money, so many thousand pounds in Consols. Another is painted as possessing so many thousand pounds of one railway stock and so many of another. A moment's observation is sufficient to discover the endless variety of objects to which this multiple word is applied.

In examining these various claimants to the title of money, I will deal first with the

one whose right seems to be the strongest — the bank-note. It possesses incontestably many qualities identical with those of money. First of all, it is an efficient instrument of exchange; in England the Bank of England note buys property as readily as coin. In the next place, it circulates; and this is a very distinctive and important feature. It is not, like the cheque, extinguished by a single operation; it remains in circulation, it passes from hand to hand, it goes on to perform for the man who takes it the same office as it did for its previous holder. It thus forms a part of that permanent stock of tools, of instruments of exchange, which collectively are called the currency. It seems hard therefore to draw any solid distinction between it and money. Both apparently perform the same identical work. They seem to differ only as a chisel differs from a saw in a carpenter's basket; both are cutting tools, with differences only of detail. Must we infer then that the bank-note is money? To this question I answer that the bank-note is not money, and ought never to be called money. If you wish to see the proof of the truth of this statement, read what is written on the note. It promises to pay five pounds on demand; it undertakes to procure for you so much money; but you must ask for the money in order to have it. A promise to give a thing cannot possibly be the thing itself; the two things cannot be identified without generating mischievous confusion. A bank-note is not a payment; it does not put into your hands a substance of equal value with the property you are selling. And if the Bank of England fails, as so many other banks have failed, you will never be paid at all. You will never obtain the money which has been promised; you will have given away your goods for nothing. It is very true, that so long as the Bank of England is supposed to be solvent, its piece of paper, its printed words will do for you all that coin could have done; you can take it to the shop where you wish to buy and you will have your wants supplied as easily as if you had carried coin in your pocket. In other words, a good debt, especially the debt due by a strong bank, like the Bank of England, buys as effectively as money; men will give their merchandise for it as readily as

they would for money. But that fact does not identify the acknowledgment of debt with the coin due. If it were held to justify the application of the word money to the bank-note, then a spoken promise, which is equally binding in law with the written note, the promise to pay which a purchaser gives when he orders the article he takes away to be put down to his account, must be money also; and the accounts of every trade-man in every shop in the land must be regarded as part of the money of the country. There are persons who would not shrink from accepting such a conclusion; but the only result of their view would be to strip the designation money of all useful meaning, to reduce it to a mere husk, and to render all science of money simply impossible.

The truth that bank-notes are not money has received a remarkable confirmation from an elaborate judgment recently delivered in the Supreme Court of the United States. The question which presented itself for final decision was, whether debts which were in existence prior to the Act of Congress which made the bank-notes called greenbacks legal tender were discharged by the tender of these notes. Nothing could be sounder or more admirable than the doctrine laid down by Chief Justice Chase. He ruled that such debts were contracts to deliver money, and that bank-notes were not money, and could not be forced upon a creditor as a satisfaction of his claim. The distinction that coin alone, the metallic dollar, was money, was most sharply and accurately drawn, and the right of the creditor to payment established. A note was pronounced not to be payment; it did not fulfil the contract entered into by the debtor to deliver money. The case was totally different with debts contracted subsequently to the enactment of the law which declared greenbacks to be legal tender in full satisfaction of the creditor's claim. He had been distinctly forewarned that the word dollar would be understood by the law to mean that particular piece of paper which contained an acknowledgment of debt by the government of the United States. He knew beforehand, when he gave credit and parted with his property for an undertaking to be paid in dollars, that he would receive not money, but the transfer of a debt, expressed on paper, which was due by the government. He did not stipulate for money, and consequently money he had no right to, and would not receive. He would get dollars, as interpreted by the law of legal tender — not the metallic dollar, which is money, but a pro-

mise made by the government to pay that dollar, without any stipulation as to the time when it should be given. It was for him to consider, when he gave away his goods, what the promise of a dollar, when it reached him on a piece of paper, might be worth in the shops.

If the bank-note fails to make good its title to be ranked as money, the chance of success for the bill will be considerably weaker. The power of circulation still lingers in the bill; its existence is not limited to one single act, then to disappear for ever. A good bill is endowed with a certain faculty of travelling about; it may settle several transactions in succession. Nevertheless, its claim to be classed as money is tainted with the same flaw, that it gives only a promise, and not the thing promised itself; and, as before, we repeat that an undertaking, whether written or spoken, to produce a substance, a metal, is not the substance itself. A bill binds its acceptor to furnish on a given day so many coins, called pounds; but it is not itself the coins. It fares still worse with the cheque, for it does not circulate; it has no currency; it has no other feature that characterizes money except the one common to all these instruments, that by its means property may be purchased. It is simply an order to your banker to pay to some other person some coins, pounds, which he owes you. It is no better than a letter; a verbal request would do as well, only that the utterance of the ordering words would be more difficult to prove in a court of law than your handwriting. And this leads me to call your notice to a quality which belongs in common to all these wonder-working pieces of paper, and which constitutes their scientific nature. They are all evidences of debt, available to set the law in motion to compel their writers to make good their promises, and to produce the coins which they acknowledge to be due, and which they undertake shall be forthcoming at the specified time. Their virtue resides exclusively in their power to bring down upon the debtor, the signer, the compulsion of the law. The stipulated pounds may not be produced, and then the creditor who has parted with his property in exchange for this paper remains without payment; so he has recourse to a court of law, which enforces the recovery of what is his due. But it is always essential to remember that verbal evidence of a debt is as valid at law as written; the advantage of writing consists solely in the greater facility of producing a signed acknowledgment than an array of personal witnesses.

We now pass into a different region. We enter into the land of banking, a country full of oracular utterances, and mystical phrases, which the uninitiated are warned not to approach, for it is not given to the profane to understand the solemn mysteries of which great authorities alone possess the key. Yet our inquiry forces us to ask the question whether the funds wielded by banks are money — whether those all-important resources which are the life-blood of the mercantile community are actually and by their very nature essentially money? I have already treated this subject in Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford;\* but I must ask for your kind permission to repeat on the present occasion some of the statements which I then made. I asked myself the question, What is a bank, and what is the article in which it deals? and the answer which I obtained was not that banks dealt in money. Such a conclusion was forbidden by general reasoning which received striking illustration from figures given to the world by Sir John Lubbock. He analyzed the receipts of his own bank, and on a sum of nineteen millions he discovered that three per cent. only were cash. Three parts only in a hundred consisted of coin and bank-notes. Of this amount of cash, one-sixth only was composed of coin, the remainder consisted of notes; and as we have ascertained that bank-notes are not money, only one-half per cent., or ten shillings in a hundred pounds, can be described as money. What shall we say of the remaining ninety-seven parts of the commodity in which bankers deal, of the receipts obtained by bankers from their customers, and which they afterwards dispense out to traders — are they money? Let us look at the form in which they come into the banker's hands. They reach him as written pieces of paper, as cheques, bills, warrants, and other like documents inscribed with figures. We meet again our old acquaintance the promise, the order to pay, the right and title to demand coins, to receive pounds, but not the pounds themselves. It is still the same tale, the voucher of a debt, but not its payment; a bit of paper, and not valuable metal; a legal proof of coins due, but not money. The bank is a house of passage, through which the cheques and bills travel on their road to settlement; assuredly as to his receipts, money is not what a banker obtains from his customers. Well, but does he not obtain gold, when he presents these cheques and bills for pay-

ment? He does not; for though he has the right to demand coin, he does not ask for it, and does not get it. It is the business of a banker to lend to borrowers the sums he receives from his depositors; and these loans in turn are themselves for the most part taken out from him in cheques. Thus, less a certain balance retained as reserve, his advances equal his receipts, and the settlement of both is effected by setting off one against another, so that each cancel the other. In large commercial communities clearing houses are instituted, at which this mutual cancelment is carried out without the intervention of coin. Where clearing houses do not exist, more cash is required, for the cheques are more frequently paid over the counter; but it circulates so quickly, the sums received by the banker for the cheques he holds flow out so rapidly in payment of the cheques which he allows his borrowers to draw upon him, that practically this extra quantity of money and notes passing is very trifling in quantity compared with the number and magnitude of the transactions effected. What occurs at one bank occurs at all the rest; each settles the paying and receiving of the day either at the clearing house, or by rapid movements to and fro of a small quantity of cash; and collectively they become a universal clearing house for the settlement of mutual debts. This analysis enables us to understand how it comes to pass, that banks deal in cash to the extent of only three parts in a hundred of their business, and only one-half per cent. in coin or money. And further, it furnishes us with a clear insight into the nature of a bank, as well as the nature of the article in which it trades. It shows us that a bank deals in debts, expressed in written acknowledgments, and that its true character is summed up in the definition that it is an institution for the transfer of debts.

But now you will probably ask in wonder, whether you are really to understand that when a merchant borrows a hundred thousand pounds from a bank he receives the loan in debts? To this I reply that the transaction is nothing else than a shuffling about of debts. The borrowing merchant has a credit opened to him by his banker; and he makes his purchases by the instrumentality of bills or cheques which he draws on that credit. He thus contracts a debt at the bank; but how is the banker able to grant the loan? By means of the debts of other persons, the bills and cheques lodged with him by his depositors. The kernel of the explanation is to be sought in the nature and significance of a debt. A debt is a

\* The "Principles of Currency," Six Lectures delivered at Oxford. James Parker & Co., Oxford and London.

right vested in a creditor to demand a sum of money from his debtor; and it is his power of demanding money from others which enables a banker to make advances to his customers. What he practically does is to transfer to A a power of demanding coin which he received from B. In form and appearance, it is the interposed banker who lends to A; in substance and reality, B is the true lender; and it is power to demand money from some third person which B deposited with the banker that is the essence of the advance which the banker grants to A.

And now I invite your careful attention to an inquiry full of interest and instruction:—How do these debts, these rights to demand coin, which constitute the resources of banks, come into existence? Who owes them? The purchasers and owners of commodities. The property, the wealth of the community, is responsible for the payment of these debts. A banker receives from his customers a certain number of cheques, bills, dividend-warrants, and the like, which entitle him to claim the payment of coin from the persons designated in these documents. These funds, which place new means in his hands, which augment his resources, and enable him to lend assistance to traders, all imply a sale of goods or other property; all signify that goods have been bought, and changed hands, and that the payment for them has not been completed. The sellers pass on their claims to the bankers for collection; and the settlement of these claims for coin is the fund with which the bankers trade. A Liverpool importer sells a cargo of cotton to a Manchester manufacturer, and is paid with a cheque on a Manchester bank. The drawing of the cheque implies that a banker of Manchester owes a debt to the manufacturer. How came that debt into being? By sales of calico, of which the proceeds had been lodged in the bank, and had generated a corresponding power of buying. By selling his calico to the shopkeeper, the manufacturer acquired the means of purchasing goods of equal value; this purchasing power he does not exercise for the moment, but leaves in the hands of his banker till it suits him to buy the cargo at Liverpool. In precisely the same manner the shopkeeper may have paid the manufacturer with a cheque on a debt due to him by a banker in consequence of sales made to wearers of shirts; and we thus obtain in final analysis that it is with power of buying created by sales of goods to consumers that bankers are enabled to meet the cheques drawn upon them by their customers, or

those to whom they have made advances. Those who consume the goods, the wearers of shirts, supply the means; but the manufacturer, by not buying as fast as he sells, retains an unexpended power of buying, which he permits the banker to use for a season. Without the sales the banker would have obtained nothing, nor would the sales have brought him any resources were it not that the sellers did not purchase as quickly as they sold. The banker collects the debts due to the manufacturer, and lends the proceeds to a dealer in tea or tobacco, and thus, till the manufacturer is ready to buy the cargo of cotton at Liverpool, his calico has placed tea or tobacco in the hands of dealers in those commodities. It is the tea and the cotton which owe the debt, which is ultimately to purchase the cotton in the docks.

It is possible that the purchasers of shirts may pay for them with money—with coin. In that case the shopkeepers will, in England, at least, carry the major portion of it to their bankers; but it will not stay at the banks. The currency would become speedily deficient if it were to tarry in the strong chests; change would become scarce, and those whose business required supplies of coin would immediately procure them from their bankers, and thus the currency would run its full and perpetual round. But, as I have already shown, and as the facts quoted by Sir John Lubbock demonstrate, only a very insignificant part of the payments due for the purchase of shirts are made in coin; they are liquidated by drafts on the debts due by bankers on the current accounts of their customers; and money, coin, still continues absent, so to speak, from the hands of bankers.

It will have been perceived from the preceding explanation that what banks distribute is not money, but the right to demand money; but it also suggests a question, on which we may linger a few moments with advantage. Do banks possess capital? In many ears the question will sound as puerile and absurd. Banks not possess capital! Why the language of common life overflows with talk about the capital in the hands of bankers. How can any sane man assert that bankers do not possess capital? Well, we must agree with the language of the world; bankers do possess capital; but how much? The coin in their tills is clearly capital; it is made of valuable metal; it can be sold in the metal market as readily as tin or iron. So are their premises and their furniture; no one can refuse these the title of capital; they are actual and real wealth. Is there anything

else possessed by bankers which is capital? I am not aware that there is. What! not their bank-notes? No, not their bank-notes; their bank-notes are not capital. If a fire broke out, and all the bank-notes perished in the flames, would England have lost an atom of her capital? Would she be a shilling the poorer? What a burnt-up bank will have lost, the Bank of England will have gained. Vouchers will have been destroyed, and vast will be the difference to the two banks—just as the difference is immense between the two men who have lost and won a fortune at betting. But there is no diminution of property, no destruction of capital. Then come the deposits; the London and Westminster Bank has twenty millions of them; are not these capital? No, in no respect more than the bank-notes. Twenty millions of deposits mean twenty millions of debts due by the bank; and they are covered by a counter amount of debts due to the bank by borrowers, and a reserve of cash in the till of the bank. In truth, with the exception of the reserve, its ledger sums up the London and Westminster Bank; and if by any fortuitous combination of circumstances, by the accident of war, for instance, the ledger was destroyed, and along with it the bill, and all other evidence of the transactions effected, the result would be that the depositors would lose their property, and the borrowers would gain it. But, as in the case of notes, there would be no change in the capital of the country; the loss of one set of men would be the gain of another. What the bank really possesses and can distribute over all the trades of the country is the command of capital, the power of buying, the power of going to shops and warehouses, and procuring the goods they contain. This power resides in debts, in rights to demand coin, which coin is very rarely required, and scarcely ever passes, but whose assumed presence is always felt. The cargo of cotton is sold for a cheque on the bank, and that cheque is settled by being set off against a second cheque, which the seller of the cotton puts forth in the purchase of iron, which he intends to make the return cargo to America; and thus the true and ultimate facts come to light, that the iron of Liverpool has bought the cotton of New York, and that the intermediate agency of cheques, bills, and a trifle of money, has been merely locomotive machinery.

A similar explanation will enable us to penetrate the meaning of the expression that a man possesses so many thousand pounds in Consols. Here again we repeat the former remark, that he possesses nothing

of the kind. It cost him certainly these thousands to become the creditor of the State for so much, or, indeed, for rather more money; but he parted with his pounds, his money, when he purchased the Consols, and all he obtained was a title-deed, acknowledging a debt due to him by the State, and pledging the State to pay him these pounds in coin so many times over each year. So long as the State of England is solvent, he acquires twice a year a certain number of pounds, a certain amount of money, paid to him in one form or other; here he touches an actual substance, a positive quantity of coin, if he choose to require payment in that form. But the purchase-money he gave for the Consols is gone, and possibly may never be recovered. The State has subjected itself to no fixed period for the repayment of the debt, and the multitudinous events of human life may bring about for him the calamity that no man will be willing to give him anything in purchase of that debt. Even as the matter stands in the actual world, the Consols which he reckons at one figure this year, he may be compelled by the state of the Consols market to rate at another the next; and this fact alone completely demonstrates that the pounds of these Consols are not in his hands at all, but exist only as an estimate of the sum for which he expects to be able to sell them. A commodity and its price can never be the same thing.

We are now brought to the last memorable use of language,—the darling expression of the newspapers—the money-market. How pleasantly the alliteration sounds; how compendious a phrase for denoting a multitude of things! Yet how much is there of money amongst them? Look down the list and consider. Consols we have seen to be not money; neither are any of the foreign stocks. They are no more money than the soles and turbot in a fishmonger's list are money. The Stock Exchange list tells us their prices for the day; but if you buy them, no money will be delivered into your hands. Pass on to the long array of railway shares; is a share money? is it not rather a title-deed conferring the rights of partnership in a commercial enterprise? What is the difference, commercially, between a railway and a ship or a stage-coach? Has any one ever called a ship or coach money? Or take the very cream of the expression, money-market, the rate of interest charged by bankers each day on the loans which they advance to traders; we have already learnt that these loans are not money, but rights to demand money, purchasing power, power to buy goods, and



that enormous purchases are made with it daily without any money whatever passing. Throughout the long catalogue of the Stock Exchange list I can discover not a single portion of money. I find a great row of prices, but the things on sale are not money. I grant, however, that a common name for these varied objects is eminently desirable; for the demand for such a general designation is real, and men will certainly invent one, or employ the phrase already on their lips, if a better one is not suggested. Loan and Investment Market has been proposed for these purposes, and it appears to me unobjectionable. But I fear any term founded on scientific reasons will have but little chance against the melody and smoothness of the popular phrase. A meeting of newspaper editors might perform a great deed of science, and perhaps impose an improved phraseology on a reluctant public. Such a feat would be pleasant to behold; its probability you can estimate as well as I can.

"But what is the harm," I shall be asked, "of employing the old familiar phrase? why should not all these things be called money? When the term is applied to notes, bills, and cheques, the guilt of some little inaccuracy may be incurred; but popular language is not held down to the strict rules of scientific expression. All these things speak of pounds, shillings and pence. There is no substance connected with them but money. The man who buys and pays with a cheque raises the idea of money in the mind of the seller; it is against money that the value of the goods are measured by buyer and seller alike; money is present in imagination if not in bodily form; and here the idea is as powerful as the reality. A genus, a common designation, must be devised for all these varieties; what better one can be thought of than money?" The answer to these remarks may be sought from the well-known law, that confusion of language invariably generates confusion of thought. The misuse of words can never be practised with impunity; some consequent mischief will always exact a penalty for the offence. In the case of money, the disorder created in the thoughts of men entails a severe punishment on carelessness and inaccuracy. Money is not a common term, a logical expression, such as animal or tree, or the like, purposely invented to express a generic likeness in many diverse species. It is a name for a single definite thing, for one particular substance, for coin; and the mischief—and it is immense—consists in leading the mind to transfer to an object entirely different in nature some of the

special qualities belonging to the original body designated by the word. There is an end to all science so long as this perverting process of thought continues. Money becomes identified with the order to pay money, with the right to demand it; a material substance with a thought, a metal with paper. No doubt the same confusion happens in other matters also. A merchant who has sent out orders to purchase cotton at New York is often heard to say on Change that he has so much cotton; but there is no danger here of the letter he wrote being taken for cotton. But in the case of money the identification is carried out in the mind between the order to pay coin and the coin itself. Bank-notes are intentionally called money; they are argued about as money; the same effects are assigned to them as to money. Political economy is overrun with writers who speak of the resources of bankers as money. A legal right, a voucher, a piece of evidence good at law, is thus confounded with the object which it serves to claim. The popular commercial mind soon passes on to believe that these small bits of paper, these sums standing at their accounts at bankers, are wealth in themselves; and when the correctness of such a belief is challenged, they are satisfied with replying that it is wealth to them, that they can get wealth with them, and that that is the same thing. They might as well affirm that a title-deed is the same identical thing with the broad acres whose ownership it conveys, that a reversionary interest is wealth as truly as the property which it can obtain only hereafter, or that a creditor still retains the wealth which he has given away to his debtor. It never occurs to those who use such language to ask themselves how much wealth they would possess if the title-deed were lost and could be supplemented by no other evidence, or the debtor became insolvent, or if the reversion consisted of a house or some perishable chattel, and were destroyed. Wealth is thus reckoned twice over,—once, as it exists in the hands of the man who holds it; a second time, as it exists ideally in the mind of its legal owner. The natural consequences of such a jumble could not fail to make themselves felt. The belief that bank-notes are money could not help generating the inference that abundance of bank-notes is an abundance of wealth; that the money-market, as it is called, is strong and safe when plenty of bank-notes are in the hands of the bankers, especially in the hands of the Bank of England. Unrestricted issues mean a plethora of resources for loans and discount, till at



last the summit is reached in the exquisite idea that the most violent commercial convulsions and the most destructive crises may be cured by a wonderful specific,—the repealing of the Bank Charter Act of 1844, and the enabling the bank to issue more bank-notes. The minds of the commercial community are thus directed to look at the currency as containing the secret of thriving or disastrous trade. They are taught to study gold and their notes, their ebblings and their flowings, as the powers which hold the mysterious keys of wealth. A large import of gold fills them with delight and confidence, an export plunges them into panic. Gold is announced by the newspapers as steadily flowing in, and straightway great commercial operations are embarked upon with buoyant feeling; so many thousands of metal were taken out from the vaults yesterday, and bankers put on grave looks, and every merchant hurries to have his bills discounted, and commercial enterprise is stopped at every opening. Are such notions scientific? are they rational? Certainly, if paper is wealth, and abundance of paper much wealth, the ideas and the conduct which springs from them befit thoughtful mortals; but if these views are built on a foundation of illusion, the harm created may be enormous—speculation constructed on a radical ignorance of the nature and the laws both of wealth and trade may easily become ruinous.

These remarks bring us to the second division of my subject—the question, Whether money has any effect on the rate of discount? I need hardly remind you of the distinction between the terms interest and discount. Interest is the generic expression; discount is the interest demanded and paid on a particular class of securities. You are familiar with the fact that discount may vary over a very wide range of rates, whilst the rate of interest in other markets, so to speak, may have its waters scarcely ruffled by the commotion which prevails elsewhere. The bank rate of discount may hurry wildly up to ten per cent., whilst at the same time attorneys may be obtaining ample supplies on loans secured upon land at scarcely disturbed interest. Our present inquiry relates to the special form of interest denoted by discount, to the charge made by bankers and other lenders to traders on the security of bills and other commercial pledges; and the question is, whether money exercises any influence in the way of augmenting or lowering this charge. I will speak first of true money, the only money—coin.

Coin, we know, is formed of a valuable

metal, which costs much to procure. The gold coinage of England has been frequently estimated at some eighty millions sterling. It is clear that, if this country had to purchase this mass of gold all at once for the first time, an equal diminution of the other forms of the wealth of the country would be the inevitable consequence of the purchase. The gold-miners would take away goods of equal value from the nation's stock; and manifestly there would be an equal amount of those kinds of property that would be no longer available for being lent to borrowers. The effect would be exactly the same as if an equal quantity of drainage, or railway-making, or of building of mills and factories, had been carried on. Food, clothing, tools, and other commodities of many various kinds, would have been destroyed, and in their place the nation would have obtained tools and implements of great efficiency for the production of wealth, but still tools only, expensive to procure, and as yet yielding nothing. The purchase of the gold would unquestionably be a wise purchase, because coin is an indispensable instrument for a civilized country; but the acquisition of the coin would necessarily involve the loss of the property for which the miners gave it in exchange. Such an event, therefore, would terribly react on the rate of discount, as well as on the practicability of procuring loans. A nation compelled to buy a vast quantity of a particular commodity must have less to lend for other purposes. No one, I presume, will dispute the truth of this conclusion, when stated in this form. Let us move on, then, another step. It will be granted, I conceive, that if the stock of coins is procured in smaller portions, the action on discount will continue, though to a more limited degree. The same cause will be at work, and the same effect must follow. Is there any one of you who challenges this deduction? No one, I imagine. Yet are you quite sure that you accept the inference which it irresistibly imposes upon every thinker? Are you willing to declare, that when merchandise is sold to foreign nations, and the balance of trade is in favour of England, and payment is made by the foreigner with gold which is imported into the country, the real significance of the act is that a metal has been purchased with England's wealth, and that the wisdom or the folly of the purchase must depend for judgment on the purpose and the use to which the metal can be applied? Do you assent to the statement, that if the gold is actually needed for doing the work of coin, that if the supply of these tools is deficient,

and trade suffers impediment for the want of sovereigns to carry out buying and selling, the purchase has been wise; but that if the gold is not required for use, and is lodged in the cellars of the Bank of England, wealth has been given away to acquire a metal which is as useless as a cargo of stones, and that the purchase has been unwise, and, considered by itself alone, has brought loss to England? I do not mean that it is a foolish deed to sell your goods abroad against payment in gold, if only you re-export it from England with all possible speed; but the pinch of the question is this—whether payment in gold, as compared with payment by a return cargo of merchandise, does not involve loss, when there is already a full supply of coin to enable buying and selling to proceed smoothly and efficiently. That metal cannot be capital so long as it continues in a cellar; it can give no aid in the production of wealth; it might as well have remained in its native mine, so far as serving any useful end for England's benefit is concerned. I confess that I have never been able to understand how sensible men could ever bring themselves to believe that the transfer of a metal from a dark hole in Australia to another dark hole in England is a beneficial or even a rational act. One can easily comprehend how the great Emperor Napoleon should store up some fifteen or twenty millions of silver at the Tuileries to be ready for instantaneous use on a sudden outbreak of war; that is a perfectly intelligible proceeding; it was a spare stock to provide for an unforeseen emergency. But the delight of City men and City articles is to know that the gold is in the vaults—in the thought that it is there, and going to remain there; and its removal for use is precisely what they deprecate. They like to hear the bank return recording each week a large accumulation in store; they conceive that it does good by continuing in that state; what that good is, I cannot, by the highest effort of imagination, conceive. It is not idle, some exclaim; it renders useful service to trade; it is represented by notes. For this I am obliged to reply with a confession of ignorance. I do not know the meaning of the word represent in matters of currency. I never use it myself; and when it is employed by others in discussion, I always experience the feeling as if the road one travels by ended in a jungle. If the meaning be that it is an excellent thing for England to give away a million's worth of her property in order to procure a million pieces of paper expressing acknowledgment of debt, the assertion is so amazing

that I have not the heart to disturb its wonderful brilliancy by refutation. It must stand as a conspicuous example of the altitude which the human mind has reached in the nineteenth century.

But now look at the reverse of the picture. Suppose you exported merchandise to have been re-paid with foreign goods instead of gold, England now acquires capital by the exchange, which replaces the products that she has sent to distant lands. She obtains food for her workmen, or wool to make clothing for their backs, or timber to construct dwellings. She has incurred no loss of capital by the exchange; wealth has replaced wealth on precisely the same principle that the coat of the tailor replaces the wheat of the farmer. Foreign trade thus becomes a rational and intelligible operation: the prolific principle of division of labour is carried out between nations as at home between individuals; and gold is reduced to its proper place as a metal useful for making coins with, but useful—I am not speaking of its employment in the arts—only so far as coins are needed.

"Exactly so," popular sentiment will reply. "Gold is coined into money, and money can be lent: it is the thing which merchants seek to borrow; and the more money there is, clearly the more will bankers have to lend to trade." The argument seems sound, unanswerable; nevertheless, it is nothing but a fallacy. Follow it out to its conclusion, and you will perceive at once that it must contain a flaw. Therefore, to go on to get as much money as possible is the true course for trade to pursue. Let all the export trade bring back gold. Buy all the gold of the world with England's wares, and then merchants will find a maximum of money available for loans and discounts. By the operation, no doubt, England may have been disabled from importing food for her people, or clothing, or tools; but then she will have all the gold, all the riches of the world in her grasp; and no borrower will be told that there is no money to be lent, and discount will rule at one per cent., and every Englishman will be happy and prosperous. The absurdity of such a deduction is transparent, for then many Englishmen must go naked or starve; yet it is logically derived from the general proposition expressed in the doctrine, that gold creates money to be lent to traders. That absurdity shows that the proposition is not absolute; that it is subject to limitation; and that limitation we shall find ruins the statement as an argument for the importation and accumulation of gold. Facts explain this conclu-

sion. The imported gold is not lent; that is a clear and undeniable certainty; it is lodged at the bank and remains there. Whatever else borrowers may obtain, they do not receive money; coin is not placed in their hands; the imported gold is not the thing lent. Look at the gigantic masses of this metal in Threadneedle Street and the Bank of France, and you cannot escape the inference, that somehow there is a most palpable superfluity. The explanation is easy; it rests on a principle of the most obvious kind, but which is constantly ignored when people speak of money. Coin, money, is a tool contrived for a specific purpose, to be used for paying both purchases and debts; and the same rule applies to the quantity required of this tool, as to every other tool whatever. How many merchant ships are needed? as many as there are freights for. How many hats? as many as there are heads to be covered—all beyond this number, whether ships, hats, or any other instruments, cannot be and are not used. How many sovereigns then are wanted? as many as are demanded by that paying and buying, in which they are actually banded, and pass from one man to another. You cannot grasp the truth too firmly, that the quantity of money needed and capable of being employed in a country bears no proportion whatever to its wealth, to the amount of business done, to its banking and discounting, or to any other object than the transactions which employ it as their instrument of payment. The assumption of the existence of such a ratio is a capital error in Mr. Mill's "Treatise on Political Economy;" but as I have discussed it in my Oxford Lectures, I will not repeat the argument here. It is enough to state that the quantity needed of a tool is determined always by the number required of its products. The product of coin, of money, is a purchase of goods or a payment of a debt; find the number of these purchases and payments which is effected by coin, and you will obtain the quantity of money which the community can use. We have seen that in the business of banking only half a sovereign in a hundred pounds is required for the payment made by a bank in money; or only three pounds in one hundred, if cash is spoken of, that is, money and bank-notes. The extension of banking wonderfully reduces the quantity of money employed by a nation, for payments are then carried out by cheques and the setting off of debts against each other. The country saves the expense of purchasing money; in every other respect there is no change. If once the

mind is thoroughly penetrated with the knowledge that money is only a tool, invented for performing one specific purpose, the heavy cloud of obscurity, may I add, of repulsiveness which lowers over currency will vanish away. High authorities and great governments long preached up the mercantile system as the essence of a flourishing trade; and the consequence has been, in the words of Archbishop Whately, that "it has for centuries done more, and, perhaps, for centuries to come will do more to retard the improvement of Europe than all other causes put together." Adam Smith exposed its folly: yet it survives in full vigour in the doctrine that an exchange which brings in gold is in favour of England.

It follows from the preceding statement that surplus gold, arriving in England, when the currency is full, and there are sovereigns enough to supply all the country with change, must necessarily pass into the cellars of the Bank; it cannot come out into circulation; no one wants it, and as no one keeps it, it has no other possible home than the dark caves in Threadneedle Street. "But it enables the Bank to lend," it will be said. Yes, only so far as it is a security. It can act only as a security; a box of diamonds would perform the same service equally well. "Not so," I shall be answered: "a banker is under covenant to pay gold, and there it is, to be delivered if demanded." Again I reply: A casket of diamonds, a dock warrant for tea, timber, wine, or any other saleable goods, would furnish the Bank with the same quantity of gold if required, or, which is the same thing, would enable the Bank to meet the same demands upon it. The sole advantage in this matter which the gold possesses, is that it requires no margin; it is a security to the full extent of the pounds it contains, and which of course it will sell for, whereas merchandise requires a certain margin to guard against possible variations in its selling price. But this is a mere detail, which does not affect the general principle. The essence of the matter lies in the fact that gold, when the currency is full—and it is always full in England—acts solely as a saleable commodity, and that any other saleable article will procure for the Bank the same means of satisfying any requirement made upon it by its creditors. The wool which is brought to England by the Australian ship that imports the gold does as much for the Bank as the metal; for it is sold, and the cheque given in payment is as effective a resource for the Bank as the sovereigns expended upon it would have

been. But on the other hand, the wool does much for the country, and the gold does nothing. The wool is worked up as capital, and becomes a portion of the active wealth of the country; the gold is like a diamond, a pretty stone to look at, but no more capital so long as it is unemployed than a pebble picked up from the sea shore.

We are now in a position to give a direct answer to the question, whether money exercises any influence over the rate of discount. Our analysis yielded as its first product the principle, that coin is only an instrument of locomotion, a machine for conveyance: it is the cart, and not the goods carried by the cart. Its one function is to give a seller the power of buying where he pleases, instead of taking the goods of the man who purchases his wares. What a borrower on discount seeks is, not money for its own sake, but the commodities which money can purchase. It might seem that much gold, many sovereigns, furnished means for much lending: but it is a matter of dry and certain fact, that the surplus gold is not lent, does not come out from the Bank. But the true issue, the point to be decided is, whether the common commercial axiom is well-founded, that the special commodity money furnishes any greater supplies for loans than the valuable commodities would have furnished, which were sent out to buy the money. We have seen that money does not provide greater resources for bankers than these other articles of value; and indeed, how could the importance of money for discount at banks be maintained in the face either of the fact that ten shillings is the only money contained in a hundred pounds of a bank's receipts, or of the other fact, that cash, money and notes, only constitute three parts out of a hundred? Suppose a balance of trade to bring in five millions of gold, about one-sixteenth part of the number of sovereigns used in England — and that would be a vast import — would an increase of one-sixteenth on every ten shillings held by the Bank of England, compared with the enormous magnitude of its lendings effected by cheques at the clearing house, lower the rate of discount by one per cent?

And secondly, we appeal to the grand staple of the banking business. The ninety-seven parts of the means of banks which are not money, and are never converted into money, will put the finishing stroke to the judgment to be pronounced. It is manifest that this element must be investigated, if we wish to discover what it is that bankers have to lend to trade. When this

portion of their resources becomes enlarged, banks, it is clear, have much accommodation to grant; when it dwindles away they have small supplies to distribute to others, whatever may have happened with their small change of gold and notes. I have shown you that these were debts due by those who purchased commodities, by the holders of the wealth of the country. What causes render those debts many? Excess of production over consumption, sellers buying less than they have sold, contributions to the stock of commodities in shops and warehouses without an equivalent taking away of other goods for use and destruction. And what are the causes which render these debts lodged with bankers few? The reverse of those which swell their means: excess of consumption over production, bad harvests which have not replaced in summer the food, clothes, and tools destroyed by agriculturists in winter and spring, purchases by farmers in the towns beyond the value of the corn and meat which they have carried in, diminution of wealth created by the construction of drains and railways out of other funds than savings. These, and influences similar to these, are the means which contract the figures in banking ledgers, and overcloud the faces of merchants with anxiety, and sometimes with alarm; and that is exactly the result which the study of the natures of money and of banking ought to have prepared us to expect. Increase of wealth ought to lead to augmented stores for lending, and diminished wealth must necessarily suggest the idea of fewer means available for borrowers. Were facts to proclaim a different result, and show that wealth might dwindle away and yet borrowers find means more accessible by the help of purchases of gold abroad and its importation into England, the mystery would be so overwhelming that all science would have to be despaired of, until some mercantile Newton rose to discover the law of the commercial universe.

But let me guard against a misconception. I do not deny that an inflow of gold into England is often accompanied by ease in the loan market. What I deny is the relation of cause and effect between these two phenomena. I have discussed this subject elsewhere; on the present occasion I need only remark that sales to others, unbalanced by corresponding purchases from them, indicate generally an easy state of circumstances, a stock of spare wealth, so to speak, an increase of capital; and ease in the loan market is the natural consequence of such abundance. The opposite

effect is generated by the opposite cause. A large export of gold, denoting an excess of buying abroad, reveals speculative purchases of foreign goods, which is for the time a real annihilation of capital by its conversion into unused wealth, or far more commonly, the failure of some important commodity at home. Thus the strongest and most lasting outflows of gold usually spring from the failure of the harvest in our fields. The nation is then impoverished by the unreplaced consumption expended upon tillage, and a poor country necessarily generates a poor fund for lending. On the other hand, I must declare my conviction, that the export of ten millions of the gold now lying unemployed in England, even if it were sent out as a foreign loan, and not in exchange for commodities, would produce no effect on the rate of discount, so far as the mere fact of exportation is concerned. Who the exporters were, however, is a question which might act very powerfully on discount; but time fails me to investigate this topic here.

So much for money, for coin, for the valuable metal which serves for payment and for purchases; but what shall we say of bank-notes, those close imitators of money, those performers of most of the functions of money, and yet which are not money — do they act on the rate of discount? is their abundance or their scarcity a cause of variations in the discounting of your bills? Assuredly not: if money does not touch discount, much less can the mere acknowledgments that money is due, the vouchers for debt, the mere legal evidence that will set a court of law in motion to procure money, exercise such a power. Yet popular feeling is deeply persuaded that bank-notes can assist traders and arrest crises far more than even money itself. A dim consciousness lurks in the mind that gold has to be paid for, and therefore that to seek relief from an additional supply of gold is virtually to ask bankers, whose means it is the eager wish of the moment to strengthen, to diminish those very means by the purchase of an expensive metal. It is felt that there is plainly no increase of resources in such an operation. But bank-notes are the darlings of the commercial mind. They pay debts, and buy goods, and place large sums to the credit of banking accounts; and, best of all, whilst they perform these wonders, they cost the banker nothing. Here is, as all the world may see, an inexhaustible fund for making advances to commerce. And if it is an augmentation of resources, then clearly it must render borrowing more easy. What blessed relief

may not be expected in the periodical agonies of the City, if only the present legislation of Parliament can be swept away, and the repeal of the Bank Act of 1844 allow bankers to supply the world with unlimited piles of bank-notes! These are delightful visions certainly; yet they are nothing but dreams — mists that are swiftly dispelled by the penetrating rays of reason. Such language betrays a radical ignorance of the nature of currency, and of the manner in which bank-notes play their part in the social economy. Like money, they are tools; and like all tools, they cannot be used further than there is work for them to perform. Bank-notes undoubtedly confer a power on bankers to lend; but to what extent? Every bank-note is a debt contracted by the issuing banker: the question is, how many of these debts will the public buy of him without calling upon him for repayments? When he puts forth a note, he acquires five pounds from the public; and if the note remains in circulation, he can lend a part of or all these pounds to his customers. The public has a certain demand, a large demand, for these notes, these instruments of exchange. Their superior conveniences are many as compared with coin; but the demand, nevertheless, is not unlimited. The point to learn is the cause which determines the number of these debts which the public will retain in its hands for use, and that cause is identical with that which governs money. The number of notes which the public will keep is the number required for those transactions which are carried out by the instrumentality of notes: all beyond that quantity speedily find their way back to the issuing bank. It is therefore against sense and reason to look for help in panics to an expanded circulation of notes; for, unless there is an enlarged number of transactions effected through notes, an increased issue is impossible. Before 1844 the Bank of England found its issue as really and as thoroughly restricted by the nature of bank-notes as they are said to be now by the statute of that year. Facts confirm the theory; for they do not show an increase of circulation generally in seasons of great commercial pressure. It is probable that on the famous 9th of May of 1866, for a few hours the circulation of banks was immensely increased; for crowds were hurrying along the streets of the City, calling for immediate payment of their debts, and removing accounts from suspected to unsuspected banks; but when eventide came the transfers were completed, the notes had done their work, and they flowed back to their source



the Bank of England, from which they had issued. Obviously, if the Bank had issued these notes as advances on loan, it would have had to pay them the same evening out of its general resources; and thus the conclusion becomes clear that the Bank did not, and could not, derive a means for lending from these notes. Much passionate clamour has been poured forth in loud strains all over the kingdom, demanding unrestricted issues of Bank of England notes, as the salvation of trade in the hour of difficulty; but till it is shown that a single additional note will be taken by the public and not sent in to the Bank for payment, it is nothing better than empty declamation. The suspension or the abolition of the Bank Charter Act of 1844 would not bring the slightest relief to discount, because it would not multiply those transactions in which notes are used for settlement, and consequently would confer on the public no additional power or inclination to hold notes.

Mercantile men are led astray by these unfounded notions as to the action of currency on discount, thus suffering their attention to be diverted from studying the real forces which regulate the ease or difficulty of loans. It would be just as rational to estimate the yield of the coming harvest

on any farm by reckoning up the number of waggons which the farmer has under his shed. Many of you are engaged in vast commercial operations which require a long space of time for their completion. It is a vital matter for you to be able to form a reasonable forecast of the charge which the discounting of your bills may entail upon you at a distant day; you will never be able to predict the coming commercial weather by thinking about currency, nor will you obtain succour in the hour of need from increased issue of bank-notes. It behoves you rather to watch the forces which are at work in augmenting or diminishing the national wealth; to calculate the prospects of the harvest, not in England, but all over the world; to reflect whether an excess of the public wealth is not expended on costly creations, such as railways or machinery, of which the restoration will require years; nay, moreover, it is sad to be obliged to add, to take into account the influence of ignorance and prejudice on the enactment of protective tariffs, and similar contrivances for the diminution of capital. It is in these regions that commercial storms are generated; here are the mighty powers which may make or undo fortunes.

BONAMY PRICE.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

#### A LILLIPUTIAN REVOLUTION.

EVERY mail from South and Central America brings us news of new "revolutions" which are glanced at by the New York reader and forgotten as soon as seen. But the latest political convulsion of this character possesses certain ludicrous elements that would ensure for it a longer remembrance, and which, droll as it seems, have a classical precedent in the wooden horse in whose capacious stomach the Greeks were conveyed into ill-fated Troy.

The revolution in question took place on the 27th of April at San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica. About a year ago a revolt upset the then existing government and constituted a new one, with Senor Jimenez at its head, in place of Senor Castro. Jimenez has not been popular, and his enemies devised a plot for his overthrow. Their plan was to get possession of the barracks in which the troops were quartered. The door to this building was carefully guarded, but once a day a cart laden with grass, hay and vegetables, was allowed to enter. They devised a second cart to follow the first. It contained a framework covered by grass, and within the framework were stowed away nine men armed with revolvers.

We are informed in the redoubtable history of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck that wishing to pass with his lady love through a country dominated by hostile monks, from whose convent he had surreptitiously escaped, he disguised himself as a miller, and placing his lady love in a sack, laid her across his horse's back. "But," we are further told in this veracious history, "the monks, having the right of toll, probe the sack, which collapses with a fearful cry;" and in this way Mr. Oldbuck's pleasant stratagem was spoiled.

The Sentry of the San Jose barracks did not possess the sagacity of the ghostly fathers of the convent. They allowed both the carts to enter unchallenged; and when once inside, the armed force of nine men sprang from their concealment, shot the commander of the troops, Senor Biscubi, and following up this victory, gained possession of the person of President Jimenez, who was deposed, and at last accounts one Dr. Bruno Curranza reigned in his stead.

Thus was this exciting *coup d'etat* accomplished. It offers suggestions to the bold Fenian leaders now on our northern frontier, who should take lessons in strategy from the revolutionists of Costa Rica.



From The Fortnightly Review.  
 PLINY THE YOUNGER.

It is a real misfortune that we have not a more exact and detailed acquaintance with the reign of the emperor Trajan. Tacitus says that he intended to include this period in his Histories, and to reserve the work for his old age. In all probability he left it unaccomplished. It is specially a time through which we should have been most thankful to have had the guidance of his great genius. He would, if we may judge from his own words, have felt a peculiar pleasure in describing it. Compared with the age of which he wrote, an age abounding in dreary horrors, Trajan's reign was one "rich in great deeds, free from terrible apprehensions, and presenting the singularly happy combination of empire and liberty." So frightfully bad were the last years of Domitian, that to her best citizens Rome's future might well have seemed hopelessly dark. The following age was one of revival and reconstruction. "Our spirits," says Tacitus, "are now beginning to return." Rome's destiny, he with others felt, was not yet fulfilled; she was still to rule and organize the world. He was by no means of a very sanguine disposition, but, under the altered circumstances of the time, he was moderately hopeful. It was, at any rate, a blessing to feel that now "you could think as you pleased and say what you thought." This, indeed, for Tacitus and many a high-minded Roman, must have had an infinitely greater attraction than the outward splendours of Trajan's reign. Yet about these, too, there was the encouraging fact that they served the glory and advantage of the State, and were not, like Nero's golden palace, for private gratification. Trajan's great works were distinctively public works. The skill of the artist, the architect, and engineer was so utilized that the whole Roman world could enjoy and appreciate it. This development of the empire's resources, and consequent accession of material prosperity, was combined with economy and lightened taxation. Trajan's financial arrangements must have been admirable to have secured such a result alongside of conquests abroad and improvements at home. On this subject unhappily we are without precise information. We see everywhere the marks of great governing ability, but we know little of the processes by which it worked.

Trajan was more than an able soldier and a skilful administrator. He imbibed, indeed, from his military training a certain hardness and narrow-mindedness, which tied him down to too exclusively Roman

notions; but he had a considerable amount of rough common sense, which enabled him partially, at least, to discern the wants and tendencies of his age. The world was beginning to feel that it had common interests, and wished them to be recognized. Trajan tried to satisfy this feeling. To the provinces he gave a somewhat easy and tolerant government, and a fair measure of material prosperity. His arrangements carefully promoted order and comfort, which were just then particularly acceptable to mankind. If some exceptional calamity fell on a city or district, he relieved the sufferers. Something akin to our modern sentiment of philanthropy was growing up in society. This, of course, would be connected with the idea of unity already hinted at. Trajan paid regard to it; he founded endowments for the children of the poor and for orphans. Men of rank and wealth did the same. Here we have a distinct approach to modern views and conceptions of life. Education was widely diffused; teachers and professors were to be met with in all the great cities; culture was decidedly fashionable; almost every senator and man of position aspired to be an author. Trajan's mind was no doubt prosaic and matter of fact; yet he seems to have had the sense to respect literature and men of letters, though he could hardly have sympathized with them. An age of such varied mental activity, an age which was becoming more and more conscious of its needs, and anxious to satisfy them, would be sure to be stirred by social movements. We hear of clubs, guilds, co-operative societies. Combinations for various purposes were starting into existence. Against these the emperor set his face. He thought them dangerous, and likely to disturb the order which he had taken such pains to establish. Christianity he probably had a vague notion was connected somehow or other with these and kindred movements; as such, while he naturally wished to treat it with a good-natured tolerance, he was afraid of it, and would have been heartily glad to have seen the world rid of it. To a considerable extent he skilfully adapted his rule to the necessities of the time, but he did not rise to such a degree of enlightenment as to take the measure of the new ideas which were now beginning to sway mankind. A Roman, however accomplished, highly educated, and philosophical in his views, could hardly have done this. It was a period of transition, and no contemporary writer could have done justice to it. Tacitus would have given us a vivid picture of it; Trajan's conquest of Dacia and his eastern expedition would have been

described with the picturesque eloquence with which Agricola's campaigns in Britain are set before us, and a flood of light would have been poured on the various details of the emperor's entire administration. Yet even Tacitus, we may fairly conjecture, from that intensely Roman and patrician spirit which made him cling to old traditions, and only just suffered him to be reconciled to this new and happier age, would have left us in ignorance of many things which, from our present point of view, we can see were of extreme interest and importance.

A period often has its very best illustration in the correspondence of a clever, cultivated man, who has taken his share in its various activities. For the time of which I am speaking, the letters of the younger Pliny are of the utmost value. From every point of view they are exceedingly interesting. Here and there they serve as a supplement to the deficiencies of such historians as Dion Cassius and Victor. They embrace a great variety of subjects; politics, literature, art, practice at the bar, life at Rome, life in the country, anecdotes of distinguished men and women, all fall within their range. As a reflex of some of the most characteristic aspects of the time, they will always be found pleasant and instructive reading. We get from them continual glimpses into the mental and social condition of the great Roman world. In an ancient writer all this is peculiarly interesting. Pliny brings us face to face with the life and manners of his age, so that the general reader, as well as the scholar, will find him an agreeable companion. There is, too, this very noticeable feature about his letters:—they frequently exhibit an almost modern tone of thought and sentiment, which is quite wanting in earlier writers. We seem sometimes to be on the border-line between the old and the new worlds. The phrases and terms of expression, as well as sentiments, are often indicative of a transition period. I believe it is the presence of what may be properly called a modern element in him which makes Pliny a comparatively easy author. It is certain that many readers of the present day who feel themselves to be not quite *en rapport* with classical literature generally, will find in his letters much which is thoroughly congenial to their tastes.

Pliny had every conceivable advantage for taking a wide survey of the society around him. He belonged to a good old Roman family, and he was in easy circumstances. He was not an idle man. He practised with success at the bar; and, as

he was engaged in several great cases, we may suppose he considerably increased his inherited wealth. Although he was not nearly so rich as some of his contemporaries, he was able to have a house at Rome, several country seats, and to be liberal on suitable occasions. He held in succession the chief offices of the State. He numbered among his friends the most famous men of his time. With Tacitus he was on terms of intimate friendship. Tacitus was, indeed, the centre of a literary circle which looked up to him as a man of commanding genius. Pliny recognized him as intellectually the foremost man of the age, and confidently predicts his immortality as a historian. He says in one of his letters\* to him, and this is very characteristic of Pliny, "I candidly confess that I hope that my name will appear in your work." The poet Martial was one of his acquaintances, and an occasional guest at his house. His sympathies with their pursuits led him to cultivate the friendship of several of the Greek professors of rhetoric, a class of men whom he says he heartily liked and admired. Altogether he must have been acquainted with many various phases of society, and this gives a special charm to his letters. The amiability and kindness of heart with which we may fairly credit him, seem to have often encouraged his friends to consult him on a variety of matters. One of his letters is in reply to a lady who wished him to recommend a tutor for her son. Another is to a friend who thought of leaving some money for the annual entertainment of the burgesses of his native town. Pliny explains what he himself did in a somewhat similar case, and how he contrived to secure the proper application of the money. It is pleasant to know that to his slaves he was a kind and considerate master. I do not imagine that these humane sentiments were, in Pliny's age, by any means exceptional; I think it probable that they were shared by many of his friends. Still, one cannot read without interest a letter † in which he dwells on the idea implied in the term "*pater familiæ*," and goes on to say that he thinks of sending one of his freedmen, a clever and accomplished servant, who is suffering from a bad cough, to the soft air of Forum Julii (Fréjus, near Nice), where the friend to whom he is writing has an estate. Pliny seems to take it for granted that his friend will do everything to make the invalid comfortable.

Like Cicero, whom he greatly admired, and proposed to himself as his literary

\* Epp., vii. 33.

† Epp., v. 19.

model, Pliny had unquestionably a genuine love of culture. He was never so happy as when he was surrounded with his books and papers in his Laurentine or Tuscan villa. He was not, indeed, such an indefatigable student as his uncle; he had probably neither the mental energy nor the physical strength to concentrate himself on any great work, but he seems to have been always a busy man. When at Rome he had plenty of business as an advocate; when in the country his occupations were reading, writing, revising his speeches for publication, and intellectual conversation. It is true that the word dilettantism suggests itself in connection with him. One of his letters, in answer to a friend who urged him to write history implies that he felt himself unequal to the continuous labour involved in so difficult a task. Though, like Cicero, he had a decided touch of vanity and conceit, he does not seem to have formed an extravagant estimate of his own abilities. I see no reason for regarding him as a man of genius; he stood on a distinctly lower intellectual level than his friend Tacitus, and of this he was clearly conscious. But as a really clever man, with cultivated tastes and wide sympathies, he deserves to command our interest.

In some of his letters he tells us what he did for his native town Comum. To this place he was a liberal benefactor. It is interesting to find that he had the idea which we usually associate with modern times that culture and education ought to be diffused. He presents \* his fellow townspeople with a library and makes a speech on the occasion to the town council, the gist of which seems to have been that he had rendered them a much more useful service than he would have done by spending his money in the institution of games or gladiatorial shows. This speech he thought of rewriting and publishing, and he asks the advice of one of his literary friends on the subject. On another occasion † he offers to assist in the establishment of a school at Comum, and consults Tacitus about the matter. During one of his visits to the place he asks one of the town lads who called, as we should say, to pay his respects to him, where he went to school, and finding that the boy had to go to Mediolanum (Milan), a distance of some miles, because there was no school at Comum, he suggests to the fathers of families the advisability of hiring teachers on the spot. This, as he points out to them, would be a convenient and even economical ar-

range. It appears that he not only endeavoured to enlighten the local mind, but that he backed up his views with a singularly liberal offer. "I am prepared," he says, "to add to your contributions a third part of the total amount. I would offer you the whole sum required were I not afraid that the good effects of my liberality would be destroyed by jobbery, as I see happens in many places where teachers are hired at the public expense. To avoid this, let the parents alone have the right of selecting teachers, and let the duty of a proper selection be enforced on them by their being obliged to contribute." He then asks Tacitus, whom he knew to be a centre of attraction to students and learned men, to look out for masters. In reading such a letter we feel that we are brought very close to our own age.

Among Pliny's historical letters some of the most interesting are those which describe State trials conducted by the Senate, and of a similar character to that of Warren Hastings. One of these was in all its circumstances a conspicuous event in his life. It was the impeachment of a governor by one of the most important provinces of the empire. Marius Priscus, the proconsul of Africa, was charged with crimes as atrocious as those of the notorious Verres. Pliny and Tacitus were counsel for the provincials. Trajan himself presided at the trial. It must have been an imposing scene. There was a great concourse of senators, and the general excitement at Rome must have been intense. "Imagine," \* says Pliny, "how anxious and full of apprehension I may well have been at having to address such an assembly in the emperor's presence. Though I had often spoken in the Senate, and had always been listened to with favour, yet I was then agitated by a feeling of alarm altogether new to me. The extreme difficulty of the case was continually present to my mind; I saw before me one who had held the highest offices, but who held them no longer. As soon as I had collected myself I rose to speak, and the encouragement I received from the audience was as great as was my own anxiety. I spoke for nearly five hours; so favourable to me while I was speaking were the very circumstances which at the outset seemed discouraging. So kind and considerate was the emperor, that when he thought I was exerting myself beyond my strength he more than once reminded my freedman who was behind me that I ought to spare myself further effort." This freedman, no doubt, answered to our private

\* Epp., i. 8.  
† Epp., iv. 13.

\* Epp., ii. 11.

secretary, and had in his charge papers to which Pliny would have to refer in the course of his speech. In the letter describing this trial all its particulars are dwelt on with evident satisfaction, and indeed it was an occasion to which Pliny might well look back with pride. The joint advocacy of himself and Tacitus was as successful as it deserved to be.

Not only did Pliny plead the cause of oppressed provincials, he also endeavoured to bring to justice some of those odious and powerful men who under Domitian had plied the trade of the informer to the ruin of many a good citizen. In this attempt, while he must have encountered some danger and opposition, he would have been sure also to carry with him a large section of public opinion. In one of his letters\* he tells us how he avenged the death of his friend, the younger Helindeus, by the impeachment of the man who had destroyed him. It required, by Pliny's account, no little moral courage to attempt such a proceeding, and his friends warned him against it. Publius Certus, the defendant, held a high office, and had a host of influential friends among the senators. Pliny says that he was repeatedly interrupted when he rose in the Senate to introduce the case. It appears that the matter stopped short of an actual trial; Certus, however, was so far injured by the proceedings that he was passed over for the consulship which had been promised him, and to which he would otherwise have succeeded. Pliny considered that he had gained his point, and he subsequently published his speech on the occasion. Certus died a few days afterwards. "I have heard people say," adds Pliny, "that during his illness he saw me in imagination standing over him sword in hand." With this characteristic touch, betraying no slight self-complacency, the letter concludes.

Pliny has an interesting letter† on the policy to be pursued by provincial governors. It reminds us of Cicero's famous letter to his brother Quintus on the same subject. We may assume that it fairly reflects the views of the best Roman society of the age, and that the general principles of government laid down in it were carried out to a greater extent than they had been in preceding times. As we might expect from a cultivated man who aspired to the character of a philosopher, Pliny's conceptions of the duty of a governor are decidedly liberal and enlightened. The modern notions of tolera-

tion and sympathy with a subject people come out very clearly in the letter in question. It is written to one of his friends who is to have the charge of the Greek province of Achaia. "Bear in mind," he says to him, "the character of the country to which you are going; remember that it is believed to be the cradle of civilization and literature; that its inhabitants are a pre-eminently free people; show reverence for their gods and for their ancient renown, and as you would respect old age in a man, respect in like manner antiquity in a state. Show that you esteem their old traditions, and even their legends. Do not be afraid that your tender treatment of them will make them despise you; such a people are not to be ruled by fear. Call to mind the meaning of the title of your office, and consider what it is to have to regulate the affairs of free states. How disgraceful it would be if the effect of your government were to be the substitution of slavery for freedom!" Pliny, when proconsul of Bithynia, as may be inferred from his correspondence with Trajan, sought to reduce these ideas to practice.

Some of his letters illustrate very strikingly a moral aspect of the time which was evidently the result of a deeply felt sense of decay and feebleness. Outwardly prosperous as the age undoubtedly was, full of promise as it in some respects seemed, there was an unrest and weariness which can be interpreted only as the symptoms of a period of decline. Hence the frequency of suicide to which Pliny's letters testify. It is a mistake to trace this directly to the teaching of the Stoic philosophy; it was rather, I believe, the composite result of the satiety engendered by luxury and wealth, and of a distinctly conscious need of some new and powerful renovating influence. Two memorable instances of thoroughly deliberate suicide are recorded by Pliny. One of his dearest friends, Corellius Rufus, to whom he looked up as his guide and master, voluntarily ended a life which incurable disease had rendered intolerably wearisome.\* "I called on him one day," says Pliny, "during the reign of Domitian, and found him in agonies of pain. Why, said he, do you think I continue to bear this anguish? Simply that I may by a single day survive that robber." He meant the emperor. His wish was granted; he then starved himself to death. The poet Silius Italicus† ended his life at his Neapolitan villa under precisely similar circumstances. Pliny's judgment wholly approved the conduct of these

\* Epp., ix. 13.  
† Epp., viii. 24.

\* Epp., i. 12.  
† Epp., iii. 7.

men. Rash and reckless suicide he despises as something vulgar;\* "to deliberate, to weigh the arguments for and against death, and to choose accordingly, is," he thinks, "the mark of a great mind."

One of the most pleasing and beautiful of his letters is on the death of a charming and accomplished girl, the daughter of an intimate friend. It impresses us with a sense of his tender and delicate sympathy. "I write this," he says to his correspondent,† "in the deepest sorrow. The daughter of our friend Fundanus is no more; I never saw a more sprightly and amiable girl; she was worthy, not only of a longer life, but almost of immortality itself. She had not yet completed her fourteenth year, and she had all the prudence and forethought of an elderly woman; with maidenly modesty she still had all the sweet playfulness of a girl. How she would cling to her father's neck; how lovingly and modestly would she embrace her father's friends; how affectionate she was to her nurses and teachers; how fond she was of her books, and how intelligently she read them; with what self-restraint and delicacy would she amuse herself. How patient and resigned was she during her last illness. She carefully attended to the physician's orders; she encouraged and consoled her sister and father, and the vigour of her spirit supported her when the strength of her body had utterly failed her."

We are naturally curious to know what an educated Roman of this age was inclined to think about the wide and difficult subject of the supernatural. The Roman intellect was not specially speculative, and rarely assumed a definite attitude towards matters lying beyond the sphere of ordinary experience. Tacitus never commits himself to a distinct expression of opinion about them. Still, I believe, they were not unfrequently earnestly discussed in the intellectual society to which Tacitus and Pliny belonged. Stories turning on them were certainly rife at the time. This is not to be wondered at; it was just the age in which, in the circles of the wealthy and refined, with abundant leisure on their hands, scepticism and credulity would be strangely blended. It appears that Pliny was much interested in these stories. In one of his letters he asks his friend,‡ a learned man, as he says, from whom he hopes to get an exhaustive discussion of the subject, the question which has been continually asked since, whether he believes that phantoms and apparitions have

any real and substantive existence, or whether he rather traces them to the workings of the imagination. Then follows a story of a haunted house, in all respects precisely like a modern ghost story. The house was at Athens; having once got a bad name, it remained unlet till a philosopher, who was acquainted with all the particulars, took it with the purpose of investigating the matter. In the evening, while he is busy with his studies, he hears the clanking of chains, and in due time the ghost, which is one of quite the conventional type, makes his appearance, and stands over him as he is seated at his desk. After a while the apparition retires, and the philosopher takes up his lamp and follows him into the courtyard, where he disappears. Having marked the spot with some leaves, he goes the next day to the magistrates, and obtains an order from them for the place to be dug up. Some human bones with chains round them were discovered; these were collected, and publicly interred with due rites. From that time the house ceased to be haunted. Pliny ends his letter with an account of an incident which he says had come within the range of his own personal experience. One of his servants, a kind of page, was visited in the night by an apparition, the reality of which seemed to be attested by the circumstance that some locks of the boy's hair were cut off, and were found scattered on the couch. Pliny regarded this as a good omen, which had its fulfilment in his never having been impeached under Domitian. He would, he says, have been impeached had the tyrant lived longer; for after his death papers were found in his desk which contained articles of accusation drawn up by Carus Metius, one of the notorious informers of that bad time. The mysterious cutting off of the lad's hair he interpreted as a sign that the danger had passed away, because, as he says, persons under impeachment usually let their hair grow without restraint. Pliny's mind, it would seem from this singular story, was very accessible to superstition.

His enjoyment and appreciation of natural scenery has a thoroughly modern touch about it. In this he shows the refinement of his tastes. He, in common with many of the rich men of the time, had his sea-side house at Laurentum, about sixteen miles from Rome, and also a country mansion on a great scale amid the hills of Tuscany. Both of these he has described with such minute particularity that we fortunately possess the means of forming a tolerably definite notion of a wealthy Roman noble's country seat. He had, too, it appears, sev-

\* Epp., i. 22.

† Epp., v. 16.

‡ Epp., vii. 27.



eral villas on the lake of Como, some being on the margin of its waters, others on the high ground so as to command a more extensive prospect. It was a real pleasure to him to dwell on the beauty of a shady grove, or of the soft and flowery bank of a stream, or on the picturesque adjuncts of a little river like the Clitumnus,\* in Umbria, famous for its clearness and purity, and for the noble breed of white cattle, which fed in the rich pastures through which it flowed. Touches like these are all the more pleasing because they are somewhat rarely met with in the writers of antiquity.

Pliny, as may be supposed, had a fitting sense of the duties of a host, and appears to have made a point of discharging them with delicacy and gentlemanly feeling. The rich Roman was apt to make invidious distinctions between his guests. Such vulgarity and coarseness, as we gather from one of Juvenal's satires,† seem to have been in fashion at Rome. Pliny was above it. He gives us an amusing sketch of a dinner party at which he had been present, where there was a great display, and at the same time, the plain evidence of a stingy parsimony. "The host," says Pliny, "imagined himself to be combining splendour and economy; I thought him shabby and at the same extravagant." There were, it appears, three kinds of wine on the table, one for the host's principal friends, another for his lesser friends (he had, Pliny says, different grades of friends), a third for the freedmen present. "What is your practice on these occasions?" asked Pliny's neighbour. "To treat all alike, for I ask my friends to dine on equal terms, not with a view to make distinctions," was Pliny's answer. It seems, however, that when he entertained a party of his freedmen he did not think it necessary to give them his best wine, nor indeed did he drink it himself; he and they shared the same. This letter is one of advice to a young friend whom he warns against what he calls a new-fangled combination of extravagance and meanness. It is, he says, a union of two qualities each of which by itself is intensely offensive. Altogether, perhaps, Pliny is the most finished specimen we have of a cultivated Roman of high position and wealth. He answers very exactly to our modern conception of a gentleman. As the representative of an age in which old and new ideas were meeting together, he well deserves to be studied. His letters continually illustrate a period in which history of the best kind fails us.

In one of his letters\* we have a short sketch of a dinner party given by himself. It is written to a friend who had promised to dine with him and had disappointed him. Pliny playfully tells him that he shall bring an action for damages against him, that the amount will be heavy, and he shall make him pay to the last farthing. Then we have an outline of the *menu*, which may be described as light and elegant. A variety of fruits and vegetables are enumerated, and it appears that there was iced wine on the table. The accompaniments of the dinner, as we should expect from a man of Pliny's refined tastes, were graceful and intellectual. There was music, and a company of actors was in attendance, and we hear of "a reader," so that we presume that pieces of poetry were recited to the guests. Pliny hints by way of a joke that his friend was not exactly the man to appreciate such an entertainment, and that he would have preferred one of a widely different character, one in which, as he suggests, oysters and pork and a troop of ballet girls would have been the most conspicuous features. "Well," says Pliny, "you have treated me very badly; you have certainly deprived me of a pleasure, and yourself too. We should have had plenty of fun and laughter, plenty also to exercise our minds. There are many houses where you may get a more costly and elaborate dinner; there is none where you can have more real enjoyment and be more perfectly at your ease. Only make the trial, and for the future always decline my invitations unless you find that you decline those of others by preference."

Pliny's life, it may be supposed, was pretty evenly divided between Rome and the country. When he was not professionally engaged, he liked nothing better during his stay in the capital than to hear the reading of some new poem or historical work. On such occasions a large party was invited by the author, and this in fact was practically the way in which a new book was advertised. These readings had become very fashionable in the best Roman society, in which no one, whatever his personal tastes and inclinations, could afford to dispense with the show at least of some refinement and appreciation of letters. Without them life at Rome would have been to Pliny dull and tiresome. Neither he nor the circles in which he chiefly moved cared much for the gladiatorial shows or the famous chariot races. Like Cicero, he must in his heart have thought the first coarse and brutalizing, though in his panegyric of Trajan he

\* Epp., viii. 8.

† Juvenal, Sat. v.

• Epp., i. 18.



finds something to say in favour of it, as an amusement calculated to inspire men with a contempt of death. Of the races he says in one of his letters \* that they have not the least attraction for him, that it is quite enough to have seen them once, as they have no novelty or variety. He wonders that so many thousands of respectable men take the trouble to witness such a puerile spectacle. "If," he says, "they went to see the marvellous speed of the horses or the skill of the drivers, there would be some sense in the proceeding; as it is, they go only to back their favourite colour, and to see which of the chariotteering factions or companies wins. When I reflect how many sensible men waste their time over this stupid and meaningless sport, it is some satisfaction to me to feel that it has no charms for me." Such is Pliny's estimate of one of the most popular and exciting amusements of the capital.

For life in the country he professes a hearty liking. "It has," he says, in one of his letters,† "a genuineness and sincerity about it which town life has not." "If you ask a man at Rome," he says in this letter, "What have you done to-day? he will reply, I have paid one or two complimentary visits; I have been to a wedding-breakfast; I have witnessed the signature of a will; I have given a friend advice on a matter of business. All these things seem very necessary on the particular day on which you do them; but when you quietly reflect on them, you feel that there is something unsatisfactory and unreal in them. This is just my own feeling when I retire to my country house at Laurentum and give myself up to reading and writing, or to healthy recreation. I hear nothing and I say nothing at which I am afterwards vexed; no one talks to me ill-naturedly about people; I find fault with nobody except with myself, when I do not compose to my satisfaction. I have neither hopes nor fears to worry me; there are no rumours to make me anxious; I pass the time in converse with myself and my books. It is indeed a true and genuine life, and its very leisure is better and nobler than almost any occupation." Pliny's experience of country life, one would suppose, must have been exceptionally fortunate. Of some of its to us most familiar drawbacks he seems to have known next to nothing. Perhaps he enjoyed its tranquillity all the more as his constitution was weak. For country sports in themselves he had not a keen relish; he

valued them chiefly for their indirect influence on the vigour of the mental faculties. He did indeed hunt, but in a fashion which would make our sportsmen smile. "You will laugh," he says in a letter to Tacitus,\* "to hear I have caught three wonderfully fine boars." It appears from his explanation that the exertion which he underwent on the occasion was no more than is required for our ignoble battue shooting. At any rate, while he watched the nets, he had his pen and his writing tablets by his side, and he had made up his mind that, should he have no sport and return empty-handed, he would be able to show that he had used them to good purpose. "If you will take my advice," he says to Tacitus at the close of the letter, "when you hunt, you will take your writing materials with you as well as your lunch-basket and bottle of wine." Tacitus, I should imagine, when he hunted, made a more earnest and business-like pursuit of it than Pliny.

In reply to a friend who asked him how he spent his day in his villa in Tuscany,† he says,— "I rise when I feel inclined, generally about six, often earlier. My windows remain shut, and in the silence and darkness I think over any literary work that I may have in hand, and decide on any alterations or corrections which seem suitable. After a while I open the windows, and call my secretary, to whom I dictate what I have mentally prepared. About ten or eleven, according to the weather, I take a stroll on the terrace, and think over and dictate what I have left unfinished. Then I have a ride in my carriage, during which my thoughts are engaged in the same manner. After my ride I have a nap; then I take a walk, after which I read aloud a Greek or Latin speech, not so much to improve my voice as to strengthen my digestion. Then I take a second walk and have my bath. At dinner-time, if only my wife and a few select friends are with me, I have a book read to us; dinner over, we have some acting or some music, and then I stroll out with my friends, among whom are some men of learning. Thus we get through the evening with conversation on various topics, and the day, however long, seems to be ended too soon." Pliny drops a hint in the last sentence of this letter that during his residence on his Tuscan property he had duties to perform as a landlord which were not quite to his taste. The tenants had their rustic grievances, to which he was obliged to attend, though, as he says, and as indeed we

\* Epp., ix. 6.  
† Epp., i. 9.

\* Epp., i. 6.  
† Epp., ix. 38.

might have ourselves conjectured, he did not, in their opinion, give enough time to them. But even this trifling worry had its advantage, as he found that it made him enjoy all the more his return to his books and his professional work.

Pliny was an occasional purchaser of works of art. He was not, it would appear, rich enough to adorn his houses with them on the profuse scale of such a man as the poet Silius Italicus, whose passion for acquiring them, as Pliny himself hints, passed all reasonable bounds. Sometimes, however, he would lay out an unexpected legacy on a statue which attracted his fancy. He once bought in this manner a Corinthian bronze which struck him as singularly life-like. In all such matters, he says, he felt himself to be very ignorant; but the merits of this particular statue he thought he could appreciate. It is described \* at some length. It was the figure of an old man in a standing posture, and the muscles, sinews, veins, the very wrinkles, the thin and scattered locks, and all the various signs of old age and feebleness seem to have been strikingly represented. It was the marvellous skill displayed in the execution of these details which impressed Pliny. To judge by the colour of the bronze, the statue was one of great antiquity. Pliny, however, did not purchase it with the view of placing it in one of his own houses; he chose rather to present it to his native Comum, where he wished it to be set up in a Temple of Jupiter, of which he considered it to be worthy.

Occasionally in these letters we meet with a good anecdote, illustrative of some well-known contemporary of Pliny, or of the habits of the age. His friend Junius Mauricus, who, like many other good men, had been banished by Domitian, and recalled by his successor Nerva, was remarkable for the blunt and outspoken manner in which he would tell people disagreeable truths. "I never knew," says Pliny, "a man of greater courage and candour." One day he was sitting as a guest at the table of the Emperor Nerva, with a small and select party. Nerva's good nature was such that he could not frown even on the worst and basest of men. One such sat near him on this occasion, Veiento, a flatterer and a tool of the late emperor. "I have told you everything," says Pliny, "when I have mentioned the man's name." The conversation turned on one whose portentous cruelty and wickedness marked him out as perhaps the most conspicuous object among the infamous creatures of Domitian, and for

a while all Nerva's guests were talking of the atrocities of the blind Catullus Messalinus, to whose infirmity Juvenal\* alludes in a line of terrible power. "What may we suppose," asked the emperor, "he would suffer were he now living?" "He would be dining with us," was the reply of Mauricus.

Two or three amusing stories are told us of a man who belonged to the same odious class as Veiento and Messalinus. The name of Regulus often occurs in the epigrams of Martial, who was base enough to pay compliments to any of Domitian's favourites. Among these Regulus stood high. He had emerged from the lowest poverty into almost fabulous wealth, which Nerva's good nature permitted him to display with coarse vulgarity, and even to increase by the tricks of the legacy-hunter. His wings were indeed, clipped after Domitian's death, and his air, Pliny tells us, was that of a timid and dejected man. He could, however, by a species of malign influence get rich people to make wills in his favour, or at least, to leave him handsome bequests. Once he had to go to a lady's house to witness her signature to her will. She had put on for the occasion a dress of singular splendour; this attracted the cupidity of Regulus, and he coolly asked her to bequeath it to him. The lady at first thought he was joking; he continued, however, to urge his request, and actually prevailed on her to take the will, which was already signed, out of her desk, and add to it a codicil by which she left him the dress which she was wearing. While she was writing it he kept his eye on her. It is satisfactory to learn that the lady, whom Regulus supposed to be at the point of death, was still alive at the time that Pliny tells the story. Regulus, it seems, was notorious for his ridiculous vanity and affectation. On the death of his son, a somewhat clever and promising lad, he showed his grief in a ludicrously pedantic fashion. The child had a multitude of pet animals—dogs, ponies, parrots, nightingales—all of which the father collected, and had burnt on the funeral pile. He also gave an order for an immense number of statues of every variety of material to be made in his son's honour. He even wrote his life, and read it in the presence of a numerous audience, whom he had specially invited for the purpose. This did not satisfy him; he had a thousand copies of the book published for distribution throughout Italy and the provinces, and he went so far as to provide that it should be

\* Epp., iii. 6.

\* "Qui nunquam vise flagrabat amore puellæ."  
Juv., iv. 113.

publicly recited in the principal towns by a man singled out for his powerful voice by the local senate. Yet Regulus was by no means merely a rich simpleton. He had by Pliny's admission real ability. He was not, indeed, if judged by a high standard, a good speaker; but from his perfect self-possession and energetic manner he was popularly regarded as a great orator. As an advocate he was singularly painstaking and industrious, and even Pliny gives him credit for a genuine love of forensic eloquence and great respect for all who excelled in it. His death, it is intimated, was a blow to the legal profession. It appears that he carried his absurdities into the courts while he was pleading. He had a strange and ridiculous practice of wearing a white patch over his right or left eye, according as he was counsel for the plaintiff or defendant. It seems hard to conceive anything more utterly unmeaning. Pliny, however, vouches for its truth. He was, too, as might be expected in a man of low origin, whose rise in the world was both sudden and prodigious, exceedingly prone to superstition, and would consult astrologers and soothsayers about the issue of a trial.

Next to the famous epistle to Trajan about the Christians, I suppose the best known of Pliny's letters, is that in which he describes the memorable eruption of Vesuvius, which was fatal to his uncle and to the two towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is a letter to Tacitus, and the description of the entire scene is given with minute particularity. It was especially written for the historian's use. At the time of the event (it occurred A.D. 79) Pliny was but seven-

teen years of age. Up to that time he had been educated under his uncle's care. An interesting and well-known letter tells us all we know of the elder Pliny. His various works and his almost superhuman industry are dwelt on with evident admiration. "I smile," says the nephew, "when people call me a student, for compared with him I am an utter idler."

It was an intense delight to Pliny to be coupled in popular talk with his gifted friend Tacitus. He continually harps on this subject, and though he betrays his vanity in doing so, we may well forgive him, and even think his pride in such a connection praiseworthy. Tacitus \* once told him that he had lately been conversing at the Circensian games with a well-educated provincial on various matters of literary interest. After a while he was asked by his neighbour whether he came from Italy or from the provinces. "You know me," replied Tacitus, "from my works." "Is it Tacitus or Pliny to whom I am speaking?" exclaimed the provincial. Pliny confesses that nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than this little incident. In another letter † he tells us how pleased he was to find that his books were in great request at Lugdunum, in Gaul (Lyons), where he did not so much as know that there were booksellers. He begins, he says, to feel sure from the wide-spread popularity of his writings that his literary position is now thoroughly established.

W. J. BRODRIBB.

\* Epp., ix. 23.

† Epp., ix. 11.

**UNDERGROUND FLOWERS.** — A vegetable curiosity, met with in New Zealand, has been described by Mr. Taylor, says the *Scientific Review*, in whose honour it has been named *Dactylanthus Taylori*. He describes the plant as a parasite, which attaches itself to the roots (and not like others to the branches) of trees. It has no leaves, but the stalk is covered with brown scales; the petals of the flower are slightly tinged with pink in the centre, but, in general, they are of a dirty white or brown colour, and transparent; the stamens are white; the flowers have a strong smell, partly fragrant, though earthy and unpleasant. This plant forms a large excrescence on the root of the *Tutaka pitiosporum*, which is covered with warts; these increase and become buds. A dozen or more

flowers are often on one stem. He first met with it in the mountains near Hikurangi. Mr. Nairn found a similar parasite in the forest at the base of Mount Taranaki; this was also attached to the root of a tree, and had a number of flowers upon it of a light blue colour. Mr. Williamson afterwards gave Mr. Taylor another specimen, which he found in clearing some ground. The whole plant and flowers were entirely covered with vegetable mould; the stem between the bracts was of a rusty brown; there were twenty-five flowers open at once. Another excrescence had eighteen. He states that the odour of one plant was something like that of a ripe melon, whilst the other had also a disagreeable earthy smell.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE SPRIG OF HEATHER.

THE little tea-party, as old-fashioned Mr. Ford called it, was a success. "I don't think I have enjoyed anything so much as this for a very long time," he said, "we all look so homely."

"There is something delightful about tea," replied Audrey, "it always makes one so confidential. I remember when I was a child, and Marshall's friends came to tea with us, how I used to open my ears, and be entertained with their gossip. Those times are the only pleasant recollections I have of childhood, except Charlie's holidays, which were always a series of red-letter days. A London child without companions has not many pleasures. Except at her luncheon, which was my dinner, I seldom saw mamma. My mornings were spent with my governess, and the rest of the day Marshall and I battled out together. She was very good to me, and when I was ill, I could not bear her out of my sight. Poor mamma always hated a sick-room, and kept away from us when we were ailing with any child's complaint, fearing it might turn out to be small-pox, which she has a dread of."

"Did she really?" said Mr. Ford, "dear me! I can remember how my good old mother used to wait upon me hand and foot, if my finger only ached. Father was very well while nothing was the matter; but any one who was sick went to mother."

"Had you any sisters or brothers?" asked Audrey.

"Yes, my dear; but they all died early. So did my father and mother, and I was left alone in the world before I was twenty."

"Loneliness is a feeling which causes us many a heart-ache," said Mr. Dynecourt.

"Very true, but my back ached too often in those days to indulge in any such reflections. There is no cure for sorrow like employment."

"I quite believe that," said Mr. Dynecourt. "When I am idle, I see life in a new light, with nothing but its greys, browns, and neutral tints."

Audrey looked at him, "Oh! not now, Miss Verschoyle, I never saw so much rose colour before, and I really was in great need of it, for I was very gloomy when I came here."

"Now that speech has done me more good than anything I have had to-day!" exclaimed Mr. Ford; "and it is very kind of you to say it."

"It is much kinder of you to give him the occasion for saying it," laughed Audrey, taking out some knitting she had brought

with her. "Now, Mr. Dynecourt, entertain us, tell us some story or adventure; in short, be amusing."

"I cannot, I am too happy."

"Does happiness then take with you the form of silence?"

"This does; I am afraid to speak lest I should break the spell."

"In that you are wise. My motto is, 'Enjoy all you can in the present without asking or expecting anything from the future.'"

He was about to answer her, but she put her finger to her lip. She had spoken in a low tone, and Mr. Ford seemed wrapt in his own reflections, from which he roused himself, saying, "Really, we are not very talkative; a Quakers' meeting."

"Did you ever know any Quakers?" asked Audrey.

"Yes, I have known several."

"Were they all very nice, good people?"

"Oh! I fancy much the same as other people are, some good and some bad. I have only known them in the way of business though, and must say, I have always had reason to think well of them. Why do you ask?"

"Because of two gentle Quakers I met this summer in Devonshire, a mother and her daughter; we became acquainted through an adventure my brother had;" and she related the circumstance of Captain Verschoyle's faintness, of her curiosity, and the visit they paid to King's-heart. "You would have been charmed with them, Mr. Ford, they were so simple and unaffected; quite different from any people I ever met before. The daughter was sweetly pretty, and had such an artless naïve manner, that I seemed to be an old woman compared to her. Then it was so strange to hear them call us Charles Verschoyle and Audrey Verschoyle; somehow all traces of stiffness vanished, and we were like friends of long standing when we parted. I should very much like to see them again."

"Perhaps you may, Plymouth is not so very far off; and if you spent one happy week there, why not some time or other try another?"

"I told Charles I should go there to spend my honeymoon."

"Even that may be accomplished," said Mr. Ford, looking smilingly at her. "I have never been to Plymouth, but I have often heard of its beauties. Was it the scenery you admired so much?"

"I did admire the scenery; but I believe the happiness I enjoyed really came from myself. I was quite contented, ready to

be pleased with everything, and then so glad to be with Charlie."

"But," said Mr. Dynecourt, "would not any place be charming under such circumstances? What happiness equals that of being with those we love? You should have put your delight at being with your brother first, for from your love to him came contentment and the readiness to be pleased."

"I do not know that," she replied; "and if so, the question is how long would this tranquillity remain?"

"With you, for ever."

"Why do you say, 'with you'?"

"Because I think you *different* from many other women, who might place in the other scale money and luxury; but I am certain neither of these would compare, in your eyes, with love."

She did not look up from her knitting as she answered gravely, "You have formed, I fear, a wrong estimate of my character. No one values the good things of this world more than I do."

"Yes; but you value love more?"

"I have never set higher value on any love which I have experienced."

"But in thought, in feeling, you know; you imagine —"

"I very seldom indulge in imagination; I am afraid I am very matter-of-fact."

"There I must differ from you, my dear," said Mr. Ford; "you have, I think, a very imaginative nature. Your education may have caused you to look upon many things as so necessary to your comfort, that rather than give them up you would repress the luxury of great domestic happiness; but, I believe," he added, looking fixedly at her, "if you consented to marry one for whom you did not feel the affection which under other circumstances you would freely bestow, you would be guided by duty and try to make him happy."

"I hope I should; I think I should," she said, raising her eyes with an effort, for she could not reply with that graceful ease which at other times was natural to her.

"Let us hope you will never have such a trial, Miss Verschoyle," said Mr. Dynecourt.

"I do not think it would be a trial to me."

"Not a trial to spend your life with one who had not your whole heart — one who could give you nothing but fine clothes and jewels, and could win nothing from you in return but duty or scanty gratitude! I know you are only saying this for argument's sake; but even in jest I do not like to hear it from you."

"Then I will be silent," she said gently; "only you must neither of you attribute too much goodness to me, for I fear I have a large measure of coarse clay in my composition. I have made peace because I want you to do something for me. Look at this skein of wool."

Mr. Dynecourt came nearer to her, and seated himself on a footstool, while she wound the skein into a ball. The two made a charming picture. Their faces contrasted well — her dark hair, and eyes full of vivacity and fire; his thoughtful face, earnest and almost grave in expression. Sometimes they were silent, then a merry quip or jest would come, or the wool would get into a tangle, and cause much accusation, reproach, and defence.

Their host looked at them, and repressed a sigh. If he carried out his intention of asking her to be his wife, what could he give her to compensate for that which then she would be deprived of? He had no doubt that whenever he offered himself to her she would accept him. He saw through her mother's plans, and estimated her character exactly. He was not blind to Audrey's love of money, show, position; but under all this he caught glimpses of her true nature, and believed her to be true-hearted, loving, and unselfish. And as his eyes turned again upon the two, he thought how pleasant it was to be young, and to be able to inspire love for one's self alone. Ah! all that was buried and gone for him; he sighed audibly.

Audrey turned quickly, saying, "You are tired, Mr. Ford, and we are thoughtlessly making too much noise."

"No, my dear, I like to see you merry. I have spent a very happy evening, and have to thank you both for it. It has been like home to me, and that is what I often sigh for even in my own house. I was not born to grandeur, and sometimes it is rather irksome to me."

"You must let us come again," replied Audrey. "I think it is time for me to leave you; Dr. Morcambe will scold us if we let you talk too much, so good-night, and to-morrow I hope to see you almost well."

"Good-night, my dear," he said, taking her hand, "good-night."

"I will see you to your room," said Geoffrey; "or will you return to the drawing-room?"

"No, I shall court some beauty-sleep to-night," and they went out of the room together.

As they crossed the corridor leading to her apartment, Mr. Dynecourt said sudden-



ly, "Miss Verschoyle, have you pardoned my ill-temper?"

"What do you mean?" she asked; "I have nothing to pardon."

"Yes, you have."

"Well, then you are forgiven," she said smiling to him.

"Give me that heather as a token, that when you are gone I may feel happy."

"What have you done with the spray I did give you?" Have you lost it or thrown it away, for you did not wear it at dinner?" and she looked up saucily in his face; but her eyes fell before the gaze she met, as he said, "Yes, I did; but I put mine nearer my heart than you did yours. Give me that bunch to — to keep with the rest."

"No, I cannot; I must say 'good-night' to you, or some one may see us."

"And if they did, and knew for what I was asking, would — Oh, you must see whose image fills my heart! I cannot hide it from you longer, and yet I dare not tell you. Give me those flowers if I have any hope," and he held out his hands imploringly.

"Hush, hush! they are coming out of the drawing-room. I dare not stay. Good-night."

He held her hands so tightly for a moment that the pain forced her to look up and see his face, so ashen in its paleness, and then he let her go and they parted.

No one was in the room, and Audrey threw herself into her chair. She mused a little and then said to herself, "Audrey Verschoyle, I think you and I had better have a little conversation together. Do you intend being mistress of Dyne Court, or do you prefer to lose the chance by making a fool of yourself with a man whom it is impossible for you to marry? Yes, impossible; don't let there be any mistake there. All your life you have striven to secure a good match, and hitherto you have been disappointed. Now the prize is in your grasp, all your desires are within reach; there is a fair prospect that the wealth you have sighed for will soon be offered to you. What do you intend to do? To accept the old man, and marry him, of course. Yes; but it is very hard not to enjoy a last flirtation before liberty goes. I need not disguise matters. If I could indulge myself, I would fall in love with Geoffrey Dynecourt; and he — I think he is beginning to care for me. Why do I feel so much compunction for this man? I never cared before what others suffered. I always said, I can take care of my heart, and other people must do the same. What is there about him? He is not cleverer or

better-looking than dozens of men I have met before, and yet he makes me different. I never feel tired of being with him. I blush like a school-girl when he looks at me; and I find myself thinking about him much oftener than is at all necessary. In such circumstances, most people would say, the less I saw of him the better. Would it be possible for me to fall seriously in love with a penniless man? Most decidedly it would not. I should only return to the old life of keeping up appearances, to the everlasting envy, hatred, and malice which fill my heart. I almost wish I had never seen him. I find my heart is not quite dead yet, there is still a little weakness left in it; but my will is stronger than my heart, and I can control myself thoroughly, and I know that when this last spark is extinguished there will be nothing to rekindle. Had I not better let it burn itself to ashes? for love is the only luxury which Mrs. Richard Ford will require to deny herself. He will marry I daresay, and then no doubt I shall laugh at the absurdity which made me cast a thought at poverty when I have secured wealth. I said I need use no disguise to myself, and yet what a hypocrite I am! for in my heart of hearts I know if I loved as I could love, I would throw prudence and Dyne Court to the winds and share the fortunes of the man I had chosen. But, thank goodness, I have no such feeling to contend with. I have made my election, and as I see that he is taking our — our flirtation too seriously, I must show him his error. At all events, I will give him no further encouragement." And she ended her reflections by ringing for her maid.

Lady Laura came in, shortly after, with Captain Verschoyle's letter, saying he would return at once. This had put her ladyship into excellent spirits. "I shall be so glad to have that responsibility off my hands, for Mr. Dynecourt's attentions are becoming rather pointed;" and she gave an account of the drawing-room scene, coloured after her own vivid imagination.

Audrey knew that it was not true that he had hung over Miss Bingham's chair and devoured every word she said; while she, in her turn, had coquetted and blushed with delight at his speeches. Yet it annoyed her, made her feel uneasy, and as if she would like to revenge herself upon him for it.

So she said she was very tired, and did not require Marshall any more, and bade them both "Good-night."

Then she drew aside the curtain and looked out on the moonlit scene, and her heart leapt up for joy to see some one gaz-



ing at her window. A moment after she thought, "How imprudent of him! some one else might notice him. Oh, that is all right," for she sees he is smoking and walking to and fro.

On such a lovely night, what more natural than that the late owner should moodily pace up and down, keeping company with his bitter reflections? Audrey could see his face by the moon's light, and it was pale and sad. Was this to be wondered at? Surely fate had dealt very hardly with him—had taken all and left him nothing. Pity and love flew towards him from her heart, and forgetting all her new-made resolutions, she gently opened the window and the next time he came under it a sprig of heather fell at his feet. Audrey only waited to see him pick it up, passionately cover it with kisses, and almost before he could look up she had gone. Seeing her face in the glass she said to herself, "Ah, well may my face be red! But I think I had better not indulge in more reflections to-night."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### PLAYING WITH EDGE TOOLS.

WHILE Geoffrey Dynecourt built castles in the air, in which he and Audrey were to dwell happily together for ever; and Audrey Verschoyle, half-courtied, half-thrust aside the new feeling which possessed her, because it was at once so sweet, and so bitter; Richard Ford sat musing over his fire. In his hand he held one of those so-called portraits cut out of black paper, very common at one time. It was a likeness of his dead wife, and as he sat gazing on it, his memory took him back to the day when it was made, nearly forty years ago. What a happy day they had, and how proud he was of his pretty Patty; and she—why, she thought the king himself second in everything to Richard! Ah! how they had toiled together—Patty, never cast down, but always looking at things in a bright light. They used to call those their hard days, and speed their passing by making plans for the future, when the summit of their ambition would be gained, and they would possess a little home in a country place, such as Willesden or Hampstead, where they would keep fowls, and have a garden, with a bower where he could smoke his pipe, while she sat working at his side. By the time they were able to accomplish this, Pattie was sleeping in St. Clement's churchyard. Oh! if God had but been pleased to spare her. Ten years were such a short time to be together; and what hard-

ships she had borne during those years! She might have married so much better, too, over and over again. There was Carter and Page both dying for her, and her old father threatening all sorts of things, if she did not give up that penniless Dick Ford; but not she; and when times were hard, and he told her he ought never to have brought her to poverty, how she would hang about him, and tell him she was happier than the richest lady in the land! And the fire looks blurred, as the old man with dim eyes nods his head, saying, "She was an angel! She was too good for this world!" But how he had changed since those days! why, he wasn't like the same man. Patty herself would hardly know him, among so many grand folks, quite one of them too, and made as much fuss about as if he were a lord. Money was certainly a good thing, though it lost half its charm when you had nobody to share it with; nobody to leave it to. He was only turned sixty. Many a man after that age lived to see a goodly family spring up around him. Yes, he must marry, it was his duty; his position seemed to demand it of him, and certainly nowhere could he find one better suited to be his wife than Miss Verschoyle. He knew he should often vex her by mistakes in speech and manner; he knew, however pleasant her society might be to him, he was but a poor companion for her. He said to himself, he was not supposing for a moment, that when she married him, it would be for aught but his money; and then he thrust aside something which asked whether, when the riches she desired were her own, she would not sigh for freedom; would she not come to regard him as a burden from which death alone could free her? No, no! he must have common sense, and not expect to be loved like a young man; he must be content with respect and esteem, which he believed Audrey would always accord to him. And another thing in his favour was his belief, that on love merely she set little value. Had it been otherwise, surely she would have long since secured, what must have been frequently offered to her. So he decided that he would wait till his other guests had departed, beg Lady Laura to remain another day, and then ask Audrey to be his wife.

Before Miss Verschoyle and Mr. Dynecourt met again, Audrey had seriously taken herself to task for giving way to her imprudent impulse. She never raised her eyes when she said "Good morning;" nor did she return the pressure he gave her hand. She complained that she had a headache, and therefore took her breakfast in

silence. She knew Geoffrey Dynecourt was watching her, by the alacrity with which her wants were anticipated; but beyond these attentions, he did not intrude himself upon her notice; and he allowed her to leave the breakfast-room without following her.

Some fears, and a shade of disappointment did trouble him; but he pressed them down with the heather, lying warm at his heart, sweet token that she loved him; for, after having asked the heather as a sign, she would surely never have thrown the precious gift to him, unless her love was all his own.

Oh! how bitter it was to him now to know that his house and lands were in the possession of a stranger! For her to be mistress over that which had hitherto held the first place in his heart, would be happiness indeed. The idea that this loss could make any difference to her in giving him the love he longed for, never once occurred to him. True, he had hardly dared to hope for such a treasure. He had nothing that *could make her love him*. He was not half good enough, or clever enough. Had he been a duke or an earl he would have asked her love as humbly as he did now, and have thought himself as little worthy of it. That such a priceless gift could be bought, could be bartered away for money, never occurred to him. To him she was a very Una, walking unharmed and unsullied amid the world's snares.

In the fortnight they had spent together at Dyne Court they had seen more of each other than they could have done in years of ordinary London visiting life. Audrey soon knew that the sage maxims with which she generally favoured her companions would be distasteful to this man, with his exalted ideal of what woman should be, and his belief that in her he saw the reflection of the image his fancy had painted. She had made the most of the mornings spent together, when Mr. Ford was in company with his steward. Every evening while the gentlemen sipped their wine, from which prosy ordeal Geoffrey made an early escape, the two wandered together through the shady avenues; hushing their voices, because all around was so still, saying little in words, but by every lingering look and half-drawn happy sigh, telling a tale more eloquent than the most ready speech ever told, and tightening each loop and mesh of the net, from which one at least never wished to escape.

Circumstances had prevented Geoffrey Dynecourt from seeing much of fashionable society. Except when he was a very young

man, he had never had a positive flirtation; consequently he was quite unskilled in that dangerous warfare of art and coquetry so generally indulged in. He only knew that he had disguised nothing from her, who had aroused these new feelings in him, and all he had offered she had accepted. The refusal to give him the heather was the first positively painful doubt which had crossed his mind, and while his heart was yet cast down, hardly daring to hope again, and battling with despondency, the prize fell at his feet, and proclaimed him victor.

To Audrey such a character as Geoffrey Dynecourt's was entirely new. Playing at love-making had been one of her earliest accomplishments, and she had generally found the men she had practised her arts upon equal to herself in the knowledge of these pleasant deceptions. True, it had happened that at times one of the combatants had been wounded; but what mattered that to the other? it only showed off his or her superior skill, and one consolation there was—the hurt was a mere scratch which would soon be healed, and leave the sufferer wiser than before. It was well known that no deception took such an earnest form as when two people knew that nothing could possibly come of it. Audrey used to declare no flirtations ever equalled those with ineligible men and younger sons — “the others said their heart-broken speeches and rapturous compliments with fear and trembling, doubting lest in some underhand way you might take advantage of them. They therefore took fright and went off like rusty muskets when you least expected them.”

Had it not been for the certainty that she was to marry Mr. Ford, Audrey would have had no qualms of conscience about the earnest looks, the lingering adieux, the low-toned conversations; but she wished to retain Geoffrey Dynecourt as a friend after she married. “And I am rendering that next to impossible,” she thought, as she sat in her room reflecting on the previous night's episode; “for old men's wives had better not choose their friends from former lovers; ‘Pity is akin to love,’ and Mrs. Richard Ford must live without either of those soft sympathies. It is of no use sitting brooding over it,” she continued, rising hastily. “I had better take a stroll, and exorcise this dark mood. I hope no one will see me go out, and I'll get a good spin, and come back better pleased with myself perhaps, and the world generally.”

While putting on her hat she wondered how she could get out into the walk which she saw from her window. “I think there

must be a door at the bottom of the side staircase, or how did he get there last night? I'll try." Her efforts were successful, and, as she gently closed the door, she congratulated herself that no one had seen her depart. She did not hear a heart leap up, and a voice say, "My darling! I knew you would come here to meet me." She did not see the passionate eyes that had waited so long for their light to appear, now lovingly rest upon her. She did not know that Geoffrey Dynecourt was following her, exulting more and more, as he saw her turn towards the "Saint's Well," for was not that the place where all true lovers went to pledge their vows?

"A place for lovers, and for lovers only," seems best to describe "St. Hieretha's Well," shaded as it was from the glaring light by trees, whose branches lovingly entwined and interlaced each other. The moss-covered ground formed a carpet, on which two fantastic old stumps stood side by side, fashioned into a rude sort of elbowed seat; ferns flourished in rich luxuriance, peeping out from every nook and cranny; and a fringe of hartstongue lapped round the tiny pool of water, where hung the mystic cup, dedicated to the lips of true love alone.

Audrey had never been here before, and to her hot, chafing spirit, the cool retreat was welcome indeed. It was impossible to turn her back at once on such a quiet rest; she must sit here awhile and ease her burden of discontent. So she took possession of the seat, but before many minutes had passed, the man whose presence she at that moment least desired stood before her, knelt by her side, took both her hands in his, and looking into her face, said, "Audrey, my darling!" Then a great wave seemed to sweep over her heart, and she recognized one before whom she was awed and abashed. The words she would have spoken died away upon her lips, as he put his arm round her, saying tenderly, "We have no need of words to tell our love, our hearts have spoken to each other, and made their choice before they even whispered to us their sweet secret. Oh! Audrey, my own, how good God has been to me! I had been doubting Him because I had lost worldly riches, and all the time He was going to give me you, a precious treasure that the whole world must covet; making you love me, when I thought I should have to worship you afar off all the days of my life. How could I dare hope for any more? You who might choose any one! Nay, dearest, it is true. I had no right to dream of being chosen by you; but since you love

me, and have said you will be mine, I walk upon air!"

"No, no;" were the first words she found power to utter.

"Not in words; and, darling, do not think I presume in saying so. Oh! Audrey, I will beg, entreat for every word and look! No slave ever more humbly asked a great boon at his master's hand than I will at your feet. It is only because I know, come what may you have given me your heart, that mine refuses to be silent, and will proclaim aloud its passionate delight."

She made a great effort to free herself from him, and regain her self-possession.

"Mr. Dynecourt, we have—that is, you—are mistaken."

"Mistaken!"

"That is, I mean you have taken things too seriously. I—I never intended," and she stopped, seeing the agony of suspense he was enduring.

Still he clung to hope.

"Miss Verschoyle," he said, in a penitent voice, "I have been too sudden. I should have waited for you to speak. You think, perhaps, I make too little of your love; have dared to call it mine too readily. Oh! if so, forgive me. I will wait; I will be silent; I will not speak of it again until you bid me. No task you impose shall be too hard, if it is to win one word of hope from you. I was intoxicated with delight, and did not know what I said. Tell me you forgive me!" and he tried to take her hand again.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said humbly: "it is you who must forgive me; but I—I never thought you—you were serious," and she hid her face in her hands.

In a moment he had taken them away by force, and exclaimed in a harsh voice, "Look straight into my face. Now tell me, did you mean all the time to deceive me?"

"I—I never thought——"

"I do not ask what you thought; but when you looked into my eyes with love, was it to cheat me? When you answered my half-spoken words in your soft low voice, was it to mock me? When you threw me this heather and bade me take hope, was it to deceive me?"

"It was," she said, and her face blanched like his own.

He flung her hands from him, and hiding his face, groaned aloud in his misery. The tears came slowly dropping from Audrey's eyes, and she could not help laying her hand on his bowed head.

"Mr. Dynecourt, pray do not give——"

He started up. "Do not touch me!" he cried passionately. "What! you have tears too at your command? You can play at pitying your victim? Oh, you are a cunning sorceress! Are you satisfied with your power? Shall I delight your heart further by telling you how your charm has worked? that before I knew you I was only sore at heart because I had lost the place where I and all my race were born; saddened because strangers had a right to the house in which my mother died, and my father reared the only thing he had left to him. When I worked and toiled, hope was yet alive within me that some day I might have a loving woman to make me forget these trials. I met you. You know how you made me forget everything but your presence. I dreamt I had found the noblest, best, truest-hearted being ever permitted to bless earth with her presence. If you had not returned what you saw I was obliged to offer you, I should have gone from you humbly, knowing I was not worthy of you, and all my life you would have been my ideal of perfection. Now you have stranded hope; it lies dead within me, and with it faith, and trust in woman-kind. Let *your* heart rejoice, for you have left *me* nothing to live for. Go on to bewitch and cozen other dupes. Oh, you must have a happy life!"

Audrey's spirit was roused. "You have no right to speak to me as you have done," she said; "if I have injured you, I am sorry; but how was I to know you were different from other men? I met men who played with me as you say I have played with you, and then laughed at the ignorant simplicity which made me suppose they meant anything serious to a girl without a penny. In the world, poor people such as we are, cannot afford to love. We may play at love, but we must marry for money. I am of the world, brought up in its ways, versed in its deceptions. How could I think you looked upon me as a fresh loving girl? Every one in the house could have told you what brought me here."

"They have told me that you intended to marry Mr. Ford, and I have laughed the idea to scorn."

"You need not have done so; it is quite true; and whenever he chooses to ask me, it is my intention to accept him."

"No! Audrey, not that; anything else. I could bear to see you happy, but not to degrade yourself."

"Degrade myself, Mr. Dyncourt!" she said bitterly; "according to your showing, it is the man who marries me will bear the degradation. Mr. Ford has wealth;

that is all that such as I can possibly desire."

"Then tell me one thing; if we had met under other circumstances, and I had possessed what former Dyncourts did, and had asked you to be mine, would you have said yes?"

She hesitated a moment, and then fixing her eyes upon him, answered, "With all my heart."

"Then I thank God for having taken it from me. I rejoice that I am as a beggar in your sight. Had all England been mine, I should have pleaded my cause as humbly as I did to-day; but now that I find your love is only a thing put up to the highest bidder, I am grateful to Fate for compelling me to stand aloof from such barter. The old lands of Dyncourt have indeed changed hands, when they are to be reigned over by such a mercantile mistress. Farewell, Miss Verschoyle; your sex may thank you for having so effectually taught me their true value. I hope when you are the wife of Richard Ford, you will find happiness in the riches you so devoutly worship; as for your husband that is to be, I am sorry for him; the good old man deserves a better fate."

He was gone, and Audrey stood motionless where he had left her; the echo of his bitter parting still ringing in her ears, and falling like a dirge upon her heart.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

##### HARRY EGERTON'S ADVICE.

JOHN HANBURY and Captain Verschoyle parted at the Shoreditch Station, the former going off to his business, the latter to Madame Roget's to inquire after the commissions from his mother.

Not caring to be stuck down in the country with "a lot of stupid people," as he called them, he had made up his mind to run down to Darington to see his old friend and godfather; and as a preliminary to this he at once wrote, informing him of his being in London. To Captain Verschoyle's surprise, Mr. Egerton presented himself at his club the next afternoon.

The satisfaction it gave the old gentleman to see his godson again safe and well, and the evident pleasure it was to the young man to meet him, prevented Mr. Egerton from giving way to his usual acerbity, beyond his saying in the gruff voice which made those who did not know him think him in a furious passion—

"When the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain;

and I am fool enough to do the same." Then, thinking this speech had rather betrayed his genuinely warm feelings and real motive, he added "But don't think *you've* brought me up. No, no! I've come to give that vagabond shoemaker a little of my Queen's English; and by the great Mogul's imperial cat's eyebrows, if he makes me another pair of his nigger-cut boots, with as much heel as toe, I'll—I'll——" and here he brought down his fist upon the table, making the very furniture rattle—"kick the fellow round his own shop with 'em, sir!" Then he put his arm into Captain Verschoyle's, saying "Come along with me to Conduit Street, and tell me what you're up to for the next few days."

"Why, when I have despatched that box and a letter to my mother, I am entirely at your service."

"Humph! then you're precious hard-up for money or companions, I know. Well, stop and do your business, and I'll go to Conduit Street by myself; and after that we'll try and be jolly, though I don't know what's the way in these days, when everybody is hedged in on all sides, and you can't drive a coach, and you mustn't fight a duel. My stars! what a set of Lady Fannys you men have been turned into!"

Harry Egerton—as, in spite of his seventy years, all who knew him still called him—was what people term a character. Those who met him for the first time always asked what made him so brusque and cynical. Why did he sneer at everything and everybody, and why had he never married? His oldest friend could not have given a satisfactory answer to one of these questions. In his day, he and Lascelles Verschoyle—Charles Verschoyle's father—had been young sprigs of fashion, sworn friends, and constant companions. Then they parted for two years—saw nothing of each other; and when they met again, Colonel Verschoyle had married, which altered him considerably to all but his old chum. Harry Egerton had perhaps met with a disappointment. Certain it was that something had soured his temper, altered his manner, and somehow changed his whole life. He never married, spoke in cutting terms of woman-kind in general, and year by year became more peculiar. Withal, however, he retained his old friends, and was looked up to by the younger men, who could generally bear testimony to the liberality of his heart and purse, notwithstanding the sharpness of his tongue and temper.

Charles Verschoyle was his especial favourite, his godson, and his future heir; not that the old man had much to leave beyond

the inconvenient, old-fashioned house, some few miles out of York, where he lived up to, and, as he said, beyond, his income; and where he gave a hearty welcome to the men who chose to come and stay there without bothering him, or expecting more entertainment than a day's shooting or hunting, and a plain bachelor-dinner when their sport was over.

Many had tried to find out the secret which had seemed to influence his life; but all had failed. If there was any story connected with it he kept strict guard over it, until many believed that his eccentricity lay in his peculiar disposition, and his great love of ease and quiet.

Of course, he wanted to know all about Captain Verschoyle's personal experience of the war. Most of the afternoon was spent in answering questions and describing actions, until, when dinner was over, Mr. Egerton said—

"Well, Charley, and what are you going to be after now?"

"Why, my last idea was to get married, sir."

"Married!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in a tone of the greatest contempt. "What! are you tired of peace already?"

"Hardly that," laughed Captain Verschoyle: "but if a man intends to take a wife, it's time he did so, at my age."

"Oh, certainly. Don't you prove an exception to the rule that 'there's no fool like an old fool.'"

"Come, that's not fair, and won't do," said Captain Verschoyle; "besides, an old fool wants somebody to take care of him; and, remember, although 'woman in our hours of ease,' may be 'uncertain, coy, and hard to please——'"

"According to your own account, *you* haven't found 'em so," replied the old man. "And, as for the rest, it's all bosh; for if 'pain and anguish wring the brow—' hang the women! Get a bottle of soda-water and a wet towel; but what's the good of me talking? Out with it; you've found an angel, of course, and you're in love. Ha, ha! while the flame's burning you don't smell the brimstone; that comes after matrimony."

"No, no, you're wrong; I am not one bit in love; and the young lady is far better than an angel; she is an heiress with £50,000 of her own, besides expectations. My mother is most anxious for the match, thinking it the last chance I may get, and not a bad one either, for she is a pretty, lady-like girl; young, and not bad-tempered."

"Why don't you have her then?"



"Because I can't make up my mind that she and her money would make me happier than I am at present. I want your advice about it."

"Oh! you do? very well then, I'll give it. My opinion is, that *any* man who marries at all is a fool; but a man who waits to get advice first is worse; particularly when he spends his time in putting the woman on one side of the scale and her money on the other. Don't do that, Charlie, my boy, or I'd rather see you married to a housemaid than to the richest heiress in England. If you must marry, marry a woman you love, and who loves you, or else keep single all the days of your life."

Captain Verschoyle took his companion's hand, laughing heartily, as he shook it.

"There," he said, "I knew you'd tell me what to do. I have felt all this myself; but you know how that cursed money tempts one. I won't go to Dyne Court again. It's rather a dull place; and later on, if I wish it, I shall have lots of chances of meeting the young lady in London; then, if I get to like her better, all right, I'll try my fate; and if not, I — well, I shall have done better than if I were to go down now, when we would be constantly thrown together, and I might get philandering, and thinking I meant more than I really do."

"Come to me at once, then," said Mr. Egerton. "I am going for my yearly visit to Harrogate, with old Bob Constable; and, after that, I shall be home."

"Very well, I will. Stapleton and some fellows have asked me down for some shooting, and when I have finished there I'll come on to you."

So this was decided, and, a few days after, Captain Verschoyle went down to Harrogate with Mr. Egerton, and remained until Sir Robert Constable arrived. He then took his departure, and came back to town, intending to join Colonel Stapleton's party as soon as he had made the necessary arrangements.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### DOROTHY'S BLUSH.

IN the meantime Nathaniel Fox had joined his wife at Fryston Grange. As he could only stay a few days, he had been making the most of his time; and now that the visit was nearly over, he would hardly confess to himself how thoroughly he had enjoyed the change.

"I do wish you would stay longer, father," said Grace. "There are so many things I should like you to see, which I know

would interest you. Now, when will you come again?"

"I wish," put in John Hanbury, "that we could induce your father to move Londonward altogether."

Nathaniel shook his head as he said, half comically, "I find that I have been wisely dealt with, in not having been set down to spend my life within reach of pleasures which are very engrossing. I begin to fear that in my nature lies a love of excitement, of which hitherto I have been ignorant."

John and Grace laughed at Nathaniel's ideas of dissipation — which meant several meetings at Exeter Hall, and visits to the Crystal Palace.

"No, no, John," he added, "Patience and I will return home; and in spite of all we have seen, it will not be hard to renew our quiet life, will it, wife?"

Patience smiled her reply. "No; and we shall have much to talk about," she said.

"That is true," said Nathaniel. "Dear! dear! the world progresses with rapid strides. I feel more like a spectator, than one who is born to take a share in all this;" adding, with much gravity, "I fear I have perhaps been unduly severe towards those who are desirous to keep pace with the times. Remember, now, I do not excuse them, but I see more reason for it than I ever did before."

John was too sensible to be drawn into any discussion with the old gentleman, knowing that once off on his hobby they might not part quite so amiably; besides which, this remark from Nathaniel was a wonderful concession, and, after making it, he relapsed into silence, fearing he had been carried away into saying rather too much.

During that same morning, Grace and Patience had been left at home together, and the former took occasion to ask if Dorothy's dress, while she staid with them, might not be a little modified: "I fear her present costume would rather attract attention; and if you and father did not object to her having a simple white dress for evening wear, and a plain grey silk, with a straw bonnet, rather more fashionably made, for out-doors, I really think it would be better."

"I was going to speak myself of this," said Patience. "I have already mentioned the subject to her father, and he has consented; only she must not wear colours, Grace."

"Certainly not. You may depend upon me, mother. After what father said last night about the confidence he reposed in John and me regarding Dorothy, we shall both be most particular that she goes nowhere, and sees no one but such as we feel

you would entirely approve of. There is one thing which I was going to ask you about this young Crewdson — is he an accepted lover of Dolly's?"

"Oh, no!" returned Patience. "Thy father and Stephen Crewdson always desired this union of the two families, but the fulfilment of the wish is left entirely to Josiah and Dorothy."

"He has been visiting you lately, has he not? How did you all like him?"

"Very much indeed," said Patience. "I think him an excellent young man. But Grace, dear, Dorothy will never care for him; it is easy to see that. He has none of those ways which win a girl's heart."

"I hope he is not like those dragonesses of sisters. I remember them; they were the terror of my childhood; and Aunt Caroline tells me they have stood still, and not altered in any way since."

"Oh, no! Poor Josiah is painfully bashful and rather homely in manners and appearance. Thy father still holds to it, that Dorothy will learn to love him, but I am convinced she never will; and this made me, as I told thee in my letter, particularly anxious that, before she would be called upon to decide, she should see a little of the world."

"Of course," replied Grace. "Why, the poor child has never had an opportunity of seeing anybody at King's-heart; and she is so pretty, mother, and sweet, that she might win any man's love. I shall try and sound her as to how she feels disposed towards Josiah."

"Do," said Patience. "With thee she may be more open."

So, a few days after Patience and Nathaniel had taken their departure, Grace approached the subject by saying — "Oh, Dolly, how did you like Josiah Crewdson?"

"Very much. He was with us a week."

"Yes, so mother said. Is he good-looking?"

"Oh, no," replied Dorothy, laughing at the idea, "not at all! He is short and fat, and his cheeks are very red, and go out so." And she puffed out her own, to give Grace some idea of Josiah's rotund countenance. "He made me laugh every time I saw him going up a hill—he used to puff and pant like an old man. But he is very good tempered, and he never minds what any one says."

"For 'any one,' read 'I,'" said Grace, smiling. "Perhaps he thinks all you say is perfect."

Dorothy laughed.

"He says he is very fond of me. His

sisters are so cross to him, poor fellow—they never laugh or are cheerful—and his father would not allow him to speak, particularly at dinner; and do all thou canst, nothing will make him say more than 'Yes' and 'No.' Of course he has finished long before anybody else, and then he is so uncomfortable at having nothing to do, that he eats twice as much as he wants."

"Not a very romantic description of a lover, Dolly; for I suppose I am to consider him in something of that light."

"Oh, no, Grace; at least, I have only promised father to try and like him; and I told Josiah the same. But, for all that, I do not think of him as a lover—not that I know anything about lovers," she said, her face getting suddenly very red. "I often wonder," she went on with a sigh, "if anybody else would like me. I mean some one who—who was not like Josiah."

Grace laughed at the simplicity expressed in Dorothy's words. "Indeed, Dolly," she replied, looking at the blush on the lovely face turned towards her, "I think you may make your mind quite easy on that point. But by being not like Josiah, do you mean not a Friend?"

The colour which had died away from Dorothy's cheeks now returned with double force as she replied very gravely, "Grace dear, I hope always to uphold our principles, and to marry out of our own society would not surely be consistent. John is a Friend."

"True; but had he been of any other persuasion, Dorothy, I should have married him. A higher law drew us together—a closer tie bound us—than the mere fact that we two had been brought up to call our religious opinions by one name. But while I am sermonizing about him I am forgetting it is time to go and meet him; so put or your bonnet quickly, dear. I daresay we shall find that he has brought the things we ordered on Wednesday."

Mr. Hanbury had the boxes with him; and as soon as they reached the Grange, their contents were displayed, to Dorothy's great delight.

"Oh, Grace," she exclaimed, after they had undergone minute inspection, "are they not pretty? I hope I am not unduly set upon them."

"My dear child," answered Grace, "don't think of such things; look upon the enjoyment of such trifles as small womanly pleasures, allowable to beings who can set their aims and affections on higher things."

Mr. Hanbury's return put a stop to further conversation between the sisters, especially as Grace wanted to hear the news

of the day from her husband, who at length said, —

"By the way, I had a note from Captain Verschoyle, asking me to dine at his club with him on Friday. Shall I accept?"

"Oh, do," answered Grace; "I should like you to go; you took a fancy to him, did you not?"

"Yes; I think we both liked him."

"Very much: I do not know when I have met such a thoroughly agreeable man."

And the next day, when she and Dorothy were sitting together, she referred to the invitation, saying, "I am so glad John is going to dine with Captain Verschoyle; I have told him to ask him down here again."

Though Dorothy only gave a grave little nod of assent, she was by no means indifferent; her heart beat quicker, and she

seemed to be suddenly filled with a joyousness that made all around her look bright and gay. "I wish thou couldst see his sister, Grace," she said, after a pause, "she is so beautiful; her name is Audrey — is it not pretty?"

"Yes, it is an old-fashioned, quaint name. What an odd thing your meeting with them was, and then my mistake, and his coming here, — altogether a complete adventure. But how was it that *you* happened to be in the shop?"

"I was waiting for Judith;" and Dorothy began to give a minute description of the event. She had forgotten everything, so interested was she in the story, when the door was opened, and a servant announced "Mr. Josiah Crewdson."

In the Sandstone cliffs of Gaspe Bay, Sir W. E. Logan recognized in 1848 the presence of great numbers of apparent roots in some of the shales and fine sandstones. These roots had evidently penetrated the beds in a living state, so that the root-beds were true fossil soils, which after supporting vegetation, became submerged and covered with new beds of sediment. This must have occurred again and again in the process of the formation of the 4,000 feet of Gaspe sandstone. The true nature of the plants of these fossil soils I had subsequently good opportunities of investigating, and the most important results, in the discovery of the plants of my genus *Psilophyton*, are embodied in the restoration of *P. princeps*. This remarkable plant, the oldest plant known in America, since it extends through the Upper Silurian as well as the Devonian, presents a creeping horizontal rhizome or root-stock, from the upper side of which were given off slender branching stems, sometimes bearing rudimentary leaves, and crowned, when mature, with groups of gracefully nodding oval spore-cases. The root-stocks must in many cases have matted the soils in which they grew into a dense mass of vegetable matter, and in some places they accumulated to a sufficient extent to form layers of coaly matter, one of which on the south side of Gaspe Bay is as much as three inches in thickness, and is the oldest coal known in America. More usually the root-beds consist of hardened clay or fine sandstone filled with a complicated network or with parallel bands of rhizomes more or less flattened and in various states of preservation. In all probability these beds were originally swampy soils. From the surface of such a root-bed there arose into the air countless numbers of slender but somewhat woody stems, forming a dense mass of vegetation three or four feet

in height. The stems, when young or barren, were more or less sparsely clothed with thick, short, pointed leaves, which, from the manner in which they penetrate the stone, must have been very rigid. At their extremities the stems were divided into slender branches, and these when young were curled in a crosier-like or circinate manner. When mature they bore at the ends of small branchlets pairs of oval sacs or spore-cases. The rhizomes when well preserved show minute markings, apparently indicating hairs or scales, and also round areoles with central spots, like those of *Stigmaria*, but not regularly arranged. These curious plants are unlike anything in the actual world. I have compared their fructification with that of the *Pilulariæ* or *Pillworts*, a comparison which has also occurred to Dr. Hooker. On the other hand, this fructification is borne in a totally different manner from that of *Pilularia*, and in this respect rather resembles some ferns; and the young stems by themselves would be referred without hesitation to *Lycopodiaceæ*. In short, *Psilophyton* is a generalized plant, presenting characters not combined in the modern world, and, perhaps illustrating what seems to be a general law of creation, that in the earlier periods low forms assumed characteristics subsequently confined to higher grades of being.

Nature.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently raised the expectations of the reading world by the announcement, which is guaranteed not to turn out a *canard* this time, that a MS. of some of the missing books of *Livy* has been discovered in the Library at Liegnitz in Silesia.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
A CLEVER FORGERY.

THE attention which has of late been called to literary forgeries induces us to lay before our readers some particulars of a case of imposture which, as regards the eminence of the author whose work was imitated; the skill of the imitator; the internal character of the forged document; the success of the fraud; the difficulty of discovery; and the mystery which even now hangs over the transaction, yields in interest to no recorded event of the kind. Moreover, the history is in a great measure new to this country. The forgery was committed in Germany eighty years ago, and it is above thirty years since it was detected and publicly exposed; but the work in question, which is very popular and has a large sale, is almost universally believed, here, to be the genuine production of the author whose name it bears.

The history applies, not to a literary, but to a musical document, which passes for one of the greatest works of one of the greatest composers of modern days.\* The points of interest are, however, very analogous to those arising in cases of literary forgery.

In the latter part of the last century there resided, some twenty or thirty miles south of Vienna, a large landed proprietor named Count Wallsegg. At that time Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were all busy in the Austrian capital; music was much cultivated, and it was no uncommon thing for a man of elevated rank to be also a learned and skilful musician. Count Wallsegg aimed at obtaining this character; he patronized music and musicians extensively, retained a band of his own, and produced for their performance creditable music from his own hand. In 1791 his Countess died, and he took the opportunity of combining his respect for her with the gratification of his ruling passion, by producing a new Requiem, to be performed in her memory. It was a pretentious composition for voices and instruments; the score in the Count's autograph is still in existence, and bears the following title:—

REQUIEM  
COMPOSTO DAL  
CONTE WALLEGG.

It was put in rehearsal and studied carefully; musicians were brought from Vienna to augment the orchestra, and at length, in

1792, it was publicly performed. It was one of the finest works ever heard in that part of the country; it was repeated several times, and it procured the Count great fame.

About this time another death of an eminent person occurred in Vienna. The great Mozart, whose wonderful genius and talent as a composer were destined to place him, for all future time, at the summit of the musical art, departed this life, in the fulness of his powers, on the 5th of December, 1791. His latest works had procured that recognition of his merits which had been denied to him in his early years, and some months after his death great interest was excited by the public performance of what was stated to be his last composition, described as

MISSA PRO DEFUNCTIS  
(REQUIEM)  
IN MUSIK GESSETZT  
VON  
W. A. MOZART.

The hall was densely crowded, and the work was received with the greatest enthusiasm. It was quickly repeated in Leipsic and in other places; manuscript copies were bought at large prices by the sovereigns of Europe; and one of the most eminent musicians of the time wrote out a transcript, note for note, with his own hand, inscribing on the title-page, in letters an inch high, the words *Opus summum viri summi!*

Now, strange to say, the Requiem "composed" by Count Wallsegg, and the Requiem "in Musik gesetzt" by W. A. Mozart, were one and the same composition. And, stranger still, this Requiem was not composed by Count Wallsegg, for he was incapable of conceiving a bar of such music; nor was it written by Mozart, for it was not in existence at the time he died! The original score was a clever forgery of Mozart's handwriting, executed after his death, at the instance of his widow, by a young man whose name would never have come down to posterity had it not been for his connection with this transaction.

The circumstances under which this double imposture came about were as follows. The musical compositions which procured the Count Wallsegg so much credit, though given out by him as his own, were only so in the sense that a lady's hair, under the present fashion of coiffure, is her own; namely, because he *bought* them. It was his custom, when he wanted to produce a song, a quartett, or a symphony, to order it from some composer, whom he paid liberally, under the condition that he should

\* The particulars here given are chiefly taken from a work published in Leipsic, in 1859, "*W. A. Mozart, von OTTO JAHN*." The details more especially interesting to musicians may be found in a series of articles communicated to the *Musical Times* in 1869, by W. Pole, F.R.S., Mus. Doc., Oxon.

be allowed to take the credit of the composition, the real authorship being strictly concealed. He did not himself appear in these transactions, but carried them on through secret agents, so that the authors themselves often did not know what became of their works. The Count did not publish his music; he appears to have been content with the fame derived from its performance under his direction; and though some of his musicians strongly suspected that the style was above his capability, it was not their interest to expose him.

When the idea of performing a Requiem for his Countess occurred to him, he fixed on Mozart as the person to write it. It is said he had already had some transactions with this composer, but whether this was so or not, he knew well, not only that he was an able musician, but also that his circumstances were such as would incline him to fall in with the proposal. Accordingly a messenger was sent to Mozart in Vienna, to ask him if he would undertake the commission, on the condition of secrecy, and if so, what remuneration he would expect. He assented, naming a sum which the Count willingly paid in advance, promising to increase it considerably when the score was delivered to him.

Mozart's attention was first called off by other pressing engagements; but on receiving, sometime afterwards, a reminder from the Count, he set to work. He was then falling ill, and had a presentiment of his approaching decease, but he honourably endeavoured to perform his engagement. He commenced the composition, which was taken from him by his physicians, and again resumed; but before he had proceeded far with it, he was called "to that place where only his harmony could be excelled."

The widow, who was left in bad circumstances, felt greatly perplexed about the Requiem. She feared that if the person who had commissioned it came to know it was unfinished, he would demand the return of his money; and she therefore began to consider whether it would not be possible to evade such a liability. She had many friends among the composers of Vienna, and she hit upon the idea of asking some of them to complete the work, in such a manner that the whole might be passed off as her husband's; a measure by which she might not only retain the sum already received, but secure that which was to come. Several musicians were applied to in strict confidence, and at last a suitable person was found in a young man named Franz Xavier Süssmayer, a pupil of Mozart's who had been much with him during the latter

part of his life. He was a clever musician, and wrote some works that excited attention at the time; but he lived a dissipated life, and died before he could establish any enduring character as a composer.

Mozart had finished only one movement of the Requiem out of thirteen; he had made some progress with several others, but the last four or five he had not even begun. Süssmayer undertook to finish the incomplete portions, and to fill up those wanting by entirely new compositions of his own.

But he undertook more than this. The widow, though she did not know who the person was for whom the Requiem was intended, seems to have had a shrewd notion that some trouble might be caused by the work not being in the handwriting of her husband, which was peculiar and well known. To imitate this was almost as difficult a task as to fill up the wanting music; indeed, many persons who might have attempted the latter would have been incapable of the former. Süssmayer, however, undertook both duties, and performed them both with equal skill and success. He took the first movement already existing in Mozart's hand, and having completed and composed the remainder, he copied the latter in such an exact imitation of Mozart's writing that, when bound up with the real autograph, no difference could be traced between them.

The score thus made up was then sent to the Count Wallsegg, who, doubtless recognizing the writing, suspected nothing, but re-copied the whole and gave it out for his own, secure in the belief that his secret would be preserved by the payment of his stipulated and handsome honorarium.

But in this belief he had reckoned without his host, or rather without his hostess; for the cunning widow, before parting with Süssmayer's score, had made a copy for herself, and this she determined to use, with very little scruple, for her own advantage.

A curious anecdote is related of a violin-maker, so skilful in his trade, that he could imitate an old violin to perfection. One day a fiddler, more eminent than honest, brought him a fine Cremona, and said, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Mr. — I want you to make me an exact copy of this Amati." The maker who knew to whom the fiddle belonged and guessed the object, promised to have it ready in two months. At the end of the time the player came, paid the money and received the two violins; but when he got home, and examined them closely, he found that they were both



counterfeits, the clever imitator having kept the true Amati for himself.

So Madame Mozart was not content with a single imposture, she resolved not only to deceive Count Wallsegg, but to deceive the world also. She cared nothing for her husband's solemn pledge of secrecy, but determined at once to perform the Requiem under Mozart's name, and thus it became known to the public, as already described. No doubt the Count winced when he heard of the Vienna performance, but he was not in a position to complain, and though he remonstrated privately, at a later time, he did not interfere with the general circulation of the work. In 1800 the score was engraved for publication by a Leipsic firm, and in consequence of some reports that had reached them as to Süßmayer's connection with the Requiem, they applied to him for explanation. He admitted, in answer, that the work was partly his own composition; but though the firm published his letter, they discredited his claim, believing him incapable of composing music of so high a character; and for this reason they described the work as entirely Mozart's, without making any further allusion to Süßmayer.

Five-and-twenty years afterwards the question was again raised. An eminent critic named Gottfried Weber attacked the Requiem on internal grounds. He endeavoured to prove that the work could not be Mozart's, as it abounded with faults which it was impossible such a writer could commit. He attributed the composition mainly to Süßmayer, and cited the published letter from this young man as corroborative of the judgment he had formed of the music itself. Weber's article stirred up a violent controversy, which lasted for two or three years, and in which many leading musicians took part; but owing to the silence of Madame Mozart, for obvious reasons, and to the reticence of her friends out of consideration for her, this left the question only where it was before. The composition had been warmly defended, and the general opinion was still adhered to, in spite of Weber's criticisms, that the work was really genuine.

In 1839 the true state of the matter was discovered, and the fraud detected, by the production of the original manuscript score, furnished in the first instance to Count Wallsegg. He had fortunately preserved it secretly in his library, and some years after his death it was discovered and identified, and was purchased by Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, for the Imperial Library at Vienna. The greatest interest was excited

in the musical world by the acquisition, and an investigation of the evidence it afforded as to the authorship was at once set on foot. The proceedings on this inquiry form one of the strangest portions of the history; and we extract the following account of them from an official narrative published shortly afterwards by the keeper of the library.\*

An inspection of the score gave at once the impression to every one who was acquainted with Mozart's writing, that it was entirely, from the first to the last leaf, written by his hand; from which it followed that he had really finished the work before his death, and that every report circulated, either in print or by tradition to the contrary, must be an error. This impression was confirmed by various other considerations, among which the elevated character of the whole of the music, and the reputation which, after all the attacks of Weber, and the testing of half a century, it had maintained, were important elements.

But it was felt that great caution ought to be exercised in admitting this opinion. It was true that manuscripts often had been, and still from time to time were discovered, which had been considered as lost, or the existence of which had never been suspected; but still as evidence had been produced, at a former time, from good authority, tending to throw doubt on Mozart's alleged completion of the Requiem, it was decided that the apparent resemblance of the writing ought not to be trusted; but that, as a duty to the musical world, the manuscript ought to undergo the most searching examination and the severest tests that it was possible to apply.

The first test was by comparing the newly-found score with the original unfinished portions of the same work, which had undeniably proceeded from Mozart's hand. It must be explained that it was the widow's policy, in furtherance of her imposture, carefully to keep these out of sight. She would have been unscrupulous enough to destroy them, but her cupidity prevented this, as she hoped to make money by them. After some ineffectual attempts to dispose of them, under conditions of secrecy, to a publisher at Frankfort, she sold them piecemeal, in such a way as to render difficult their subsequent discovery. A good providence, however, foiled her intention, as they fortunately, after many vicissitudes, fell into the hands of persons who perceived their

\* *Ueber die original Partitur des Requiem von W. A. Mozart.* Von I. F. ELLEN von MOSER. Wien, 1839.

value, and placed them for safety in the Imperial Library.

The existence of these unquestionably genuine documents was not inconsistent with the possibility that Mozart, treating them as mere sketches, might have subsequently made a fair finished copy; but at the same time they served as an excellent test for the comparison of the newly-found manuscript, inasmuch as the whole of the contents of the former were — notes, signs, and words — literally transcribed into the latter. The comparison was made with great care, and the resemblance of the handwriting was found perfect in nearly all particulars.

But this comparison was not thought sufficient, and a wider investigation was set on foot. The authorities procured other undoubted manuscripts by Mozart, upwards of eighty in number, of all periods of his life, including some of his latest, corresponding to the date of the Requiem; and armed with these, a number of the most eminent musicians, and of those best acquainted with Mozart's writings, were invited to form a committee for the purpose of examining the new score and of pronouncing a judgment upon it.

The committee renewed, with the more copious materials, the careful comparison previously made; and the result was that the majority declared the new score to be positively in Mozart's handwriting, from its exact correspondence with his acknowledged manuscripts in all important parts, not only in the notes and the text, but also in the minor signs, such as the figuring added to the bass part, and so on. A comparison was also made with some autographs of Süssmayer's, and these were so essentially different as hardly to present the most distant likeness, many of the signs in them being of a totally different character.

The minority of the committee, while they admitted that the reasons in favour of the genuineness far outweighed any arguments that could be brought on the other side, stated, on being repeatedly pressed to do so, the following facts which they believed deserved further consideration:—

In the first place, the date 1792 was written under Mozart's name, whereas it was known that he died in the preceding year.

Secondly, some ungrammatical progressions were pointed out in a portion of the music, which it was not thought possible Mozart could have written.

Thirdly, a difference was found in the form of the signs for the naturals, which

were among the most characteristic marks of Mozart's hand. In his acknowledged compositions they were uniformly formed with a closed square, narrower above than below, while in the Wallsegg score they were open squares, more like those of Süssmayer.

Fourthly, other differences were found in the capital letters B, P, Q, R, and T, which were not always like Mozart's usual forms.

Attention was also called to the fact that the differences mentioned under the third and fourth heads were only found in the second and following movements; in the first movement Mozart's usual forms were in all respects adhered to.

It was further remarked that the paging of the book was not consecutive, and that there was no intelligible reason why Mozart should have made a fresh copy, instead of filling in and completing the one he had already begun.

These remarks, which showed with what care and conscientiousness the examination was made, were answered by the other side at considerable length and with much ingenuity.

In regard to the error in the date, it was argued that Mozart, working at the composition so late in the year, might well have assumed that it could not be completed till the beginning of the year after, and therefore might have purposely post-dated it. Or it might be merely a mistake, for singularly enough, among the undoubted manuscripts used for comparison was a rondo for the Waldhorn, dated, in Mozart's hand, *Vienna, Venerdì Santo il 6 Aprile, 1792*; and as Good Friday happened to fall on April 6, 1791, the slip of the pen was evident, and might easily have been reproduced in the Requiem. Either of these explanations would be, it was urged, infinitely more reasonable than to suppose that anybody planning a deliberate forgery should commit such an absurdity as to append to the forged document a date subsequent to the professed author's death.

In regard to the ungrammatical progressions, it was pointed out that their effect was hidden by the disposition of the parts, and that they might easily have escaped the composer's attention, or might even have been admitted by him exceptionally, precedents for such passages being abundantly found in the works of Handel.

As to the form of the naturals, while it was admitted that the closed square was the most usual and characteristic form in Mozart's manuscripts, yet examples were shown where he had used the open form;

and, by an odd coincidence, this form, exactly similar to that in the Wallsegg score, was exclusively found in the Waldhorn rondo before mentioned.

The answer as to the shape of the capital letters was not so forcible; but it was still found that the letter B existed in the test manuscripts in several shapes, some of which resembled those in the Requiem, and the useful Waldhorn composition again came in aid, as the R in the word "Rondo" of the title was of the exact Requiem form. The connection of this piece with the Requiem was one of the most curious things in the history, as it not only contained the exceptional similarities above noted, but it was composed for a person of the same name (Leutgeb) as the mysterious messenger sent by the Count to communicate with Mozart about the composition. The exact shapes of the other letters could not be positively identified in any of the Mozart manuscripts; but as a set-off against this, it was pointed out that the word *finis* on the last page of the Requiem was as exact a facsimile of one undoubtedly written by Mozart in November, 1791, as if they had been both impressions from the same type. It was also remarked that certain little penmarks on the paper, having no obvious reference to the music, but probably done while the writer was thinking, were visible in the Requiem, precisely as they were in many of Mozart's acknowledged compositions.

In regard to the irregularity of the paging, and the alleged improbability of Mozart's having rewritten the work instead of having filled up the former sketches, the testimony of the widow at a former time was brought to prove that he was irregular and careless in the arrangement of his papers, and that when a sketch was lost, he would often re-write it exactly as before (his memory being unfailling in this respect) rather than take the trouble to hunt for the missing paper.

There yet remained Süßmayer's declaration to be got over, and also some evidence corroborative of it, from the widow and others, which had turned up during the Weber controversy. Süßmayer's claims were simply set down as presumptuous and incredible; his capability of writing the music was denied, and as one or two erroneous statements had been detected in his letter, the truth of the whole was impugned. As to the corroborative evidence, it was attempted to explain this away by observing that the widow herself had given contradictory accounts at different times, and that the other witnesses had but incomplete

personal knowledge of the facts they deposed to.

These answers were considered so conclusive that little or no doubt remained as to the genuineness of the newly found score, when an accident re-opened the inquiry. The comparison of Süßmayer's writing had been made with two hastily written specimens, which, after much seeking, were all that could be procured; but it happened that after the end of the before-mentioned investigation a certain Baron von Lannoy offered, for inspection, two autographs of pieces from an opera written by Süßmayer in 1793, two years after Mozart's death.

When these manuscripts were produced, the first glimpse of them excited the greatest amazement. The specimens of Süßmayer's music previously inspected had presented a very marked difference from Mozart's handwriting; but these, to everybody's astonishment, resembled it so closely, that only the positive evidence as to their history could convince the examiners that they were not in Mozart's hand. On a closer examination, the similarity of the writing to Mozart's was found almost incredible; and what was more to the purpose, when the Wallsegg score was compared with them, the resemblance of the second and following numbers to the new Süßmayer autographs was more absolute still, inasmuch as the latter contained all the peculiarities which had attracted attention in the former. The shapes of the letters P, Q, and T, for example, which could nowhere be found in Mozart's writing prevailed exclusively in the later Süßmayer examples. The other objections urged by the minority now acquired greater weight, and the longer and the more carefully the comparison was made, the more confusing it became, particularly as in the Requiem score some signs were still found which corresponded better with Mozart's autograph than with any of Süßmayer's.

In this state of things only one means remained of arriving at the truth, namely to apply to the yet living widow of the great master, and to ask her whether, as far as she knew, Mozart had finished, or had left unfinished, his last composition. It was true that she had already, on several occasions, stated that the latter was the case, but at former periods she had also asserted the contrary; and in the difficulty raised by the recent discoveries it was felt that a positive decision, from the best possible source, was highly to be desired.

The widow answered promptly; she said—

"If the score is complete, it is not by

Mozart, for he did not finish it. It is then desirable to look at what Süßmayer has written, for in my judgment no man is able to imitate another person's writing so exactly that it cannot be discovered. Thus much upon this; and now I declare that no other than Süßmayer finished the Requiem, which was not so difficult, since, as is known, the chief parts were all laid out, and Süßmayer could not err."

This answer was decisive. Guided by the new light thrown on the question, a further examination of the score showed the differences between the writing of the first movement, which was really Mozart's, and of the subsequent portions, in the now identified hand of Süßmayer. Some members of the committee were still inclined fondly to cling to the idea that the whole was genuine; but this view could not long be persevered in, in the face of the strong evidence to the contrary, and the forgery became fully established, as the only reasonable conclusion that could be drawn from the facts of the case.

It is difficult to divine what motive Süßmayer could have had for continuing to feign Mozart's writing for some years after his death;—it may have been for mere bravado, in the exultation of his first success, or he may have had the intention of passing off some of his writings as Mozart's;—but it is highly probable that, had these later imitations not been found, the truth as to the authorship of the Requiem would not have been discovered.

In considering this remarkable history, although, of course Süßmayer's conduct is indefensible in a moral point of view, we cannot but admire the skill shown by him in the transaction, as regards both the imitation of the handwriting and the musical composition.

The caligraphy of the notes and signs used in music is as peculiar to the individual as ordinary current hand, and persons accustomed to see the manuscript of a composer can identify his writing easily. The imitation of a musical manuscript is as difficult as that of a text autograph. Some rare cases have been known. Joachim, for example, the eminent violinist, amused himself, when a boy, by copying with singular dexterity the notation of Mendelssohn, whom he held in great veneration; and one of the Bach family had a wife who wrote her husband's compositions in a hand mistaken for his own. Süßmayer's must have been a remarkably accurate imitation to stand such severe comparison by such acute judges; and yet it must have been quickly done, and without any previous practice;

for the fabricated score must have been produced in a very short time, to satisfy the demand of the Count, who, when he heard of Mozart's death, must have naturally called for the immediate delivery of the work he had ordered and partly paid for.

The musical skill shown by Süßmayer in the large share he contributed to the composition is still more extraordinary and admirable. It is not our business here to go into musical details; but we may state generally what his work consisted of. It has been already mentioned that only one movement—the first—had been finished by Mozart. In several of the following he had written the vocal parts, and had here and there given indications as to the nature of the instrumental accompaniments. These Süßmayer had to complete, and the insertion of the wanting parts, in a style to harmonize with that of such a master, required no mean attainments.

In one movement, the *Lacrymosa*, Mozart had only sketched out the first few bars, and Süßmayer had to carry on the idea, which he did in so masterly a manner that its very possibility has been denied. An eminent English critic says, —

It seems to me utterly impossible that any man can have entered into another's incomplete thought, and carried it on in unbroken unity of phrasing and feeling, as Süßmayer pretends to have done in this instance. As well might it be assumed that any stanza of poetry had been finished by another imagination than his who conceived the first line,—that any sentence of an argument could be completed by another's power of thought.

Whether the writer of this passage had in his mind the well known

SIC VOS NON VOBIS!

anecdote, we do not know; but assuredly the thing which he pronounces impossible was done. The work of Mozart and the work of Süßmayer lie side by side in the Library at Vienna, and tell their own story.

But Süßmayer's share in the Requiem went much farther than the mere filling in of instrumental parts, or the completion of passages already begun. Several movements towards the end Mozart had not written a note of; Süßmayer claimed them in his letter as entirely his own composition, and there is not a scrap of evidence to disprove his assertion, except the internal character of the music, which, as in the case above cited, the most eminent critics deny that it was in the power of any one to compose except the great master himself. Even Gottfried Weber, who impugned the authenticity of the work generally, admitted

that "there were flowers in these parts which never grew in Süssmayer's garden." And Marx, another great German writer, said, after quoting passages from the *Agnus Dei*, "Well, if these are not by Mozart, then he is a Mozart who wrote them." And yet, if there is any truth in evidence it is incontestable that Mozart did *not* write these passages, and that Süssmayer *did* write them. The only way out of the difficulty lies in the possibility that Süssmayer, having been much with Mozart during his last illness, may either have obtained sketches for the later portions of the work, or may have heard them played by Mozart, and so may have remembered them sufficiently to write them down. But in any case the musical ability shown in his part throughout the work is of the highest order; and makes us regret that we do not know more of him.

We have been the more desirous to lay this extraordinary history before the public, because in this country, where the facts are not generally known, the belief is still held, even in high musical quarters, that the Requiem is entirely Mozart's composition. A preface to one of the popular editions of the work declares this positively, and whenever it is performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the notice given in the Book of Words repeats the assertion. This opinion, however, is clearly at variance with the truth, and it is a pity it should be still persevered in. We must be content to accept the conclusion that, although much of the music is essentially Mozart's, yet the completion of the work, and the composition of several important portions, are due to another hand.

---

From The Saturday Review.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUMAN HEART.

ONE of the phrases most commonly in the mouths of Shakspearian critics and other persons in want of very powerful superlatives is the wonderful knowledge of the human heart attributed to the object of their idolatry. It may be assumed of this, as of most other phrases which have gained a very wide currency, that it must have some meaning or it would not have been used so often; and that, on the other hand, it would not have been used so often if it had not covered a good deal of nonsense. That in one, and that the most obvious, sense it is false will follow from a very little reflection. When we see a man describe with great facility a large number of fossils we say that

he has a profound knowledge of palæontology; and when a poet invents a large number of characters we assume that he possesses a corresponding knowledge of the human heart. Yet he cannot possess such knowledge in a scientific sense, for the simple reason that it does not exist. Nobody has hitherto been able to give a philosophical analysis of character, or to tell us what are the primary faculties which in their various combinations go to make up the different concrete human beings of our acquaintance. If phrenology were a genuine science, the task would be in great measure performed. If we wished to describe Hamlet or Mephistopheles we should simply give their chemical formula. We should set down amateness at so much, destructiveness at so much, and, in short, give the proper prescription, and leave it to be made up as an apothecary makes up a draught. It would still indeed be a matter of enormous difficulty to calculate the resultant of so many conflicting forces, and to say, when all the necessary data were determined, what would be the precise course of conduct adopted by a character of given composition under given circumstances. It is, however, the less necessary to speculate upon this difficult problem, inasmuch as we are still in a state of ignorance as to the elements of which character is composed. We may make some rough guesses, but it is impossible to speak with any precision. Take the simplest possible quality; say that a man is brave, or benevolent, or honest, and observe what a number of different varieties it covers. A man may be brave from defect or excess of certain qualities — because he is stupid, or because he is passionate, because he is thoroughly obstinate or simply impetuous; he may be brave after the English or French or Spanish fashion. We have not words to express the infinite shades of which any particular quality is susceptible, and still less the power to analyze it into its constituent parts. Moreover, not to insist upon an obvious truth, knowledge of this kind, though it might be indirectly useful, is certainly not to be specially attributed to great poets or novelists. A sculptor is all the better for knowing something of anatomy; but the greatest sculptors have not been the profoundest anatomists; and the very highest attainments of art have been reached in an almost utter ignorance of scientific truths.

The knowledge of the human heart, then, does not mean that its possessor is able to give a complete account of the various springs and levers which are at play in the human mechanism. Rather, it is probable



that there is a contrast between the two classes of observers, and that the most brilliant describer of the concrete result is often most incapable of analyzing its occult causes. Shakspeare, it may be, would have given us a less philosophical explanation of Hamlet than some dreary metaphysician who would have been as incapable of creating such a character as a chemist of making gold. A great musician may be profoundly ignorant of the mathematical theory of music; and we have, therefore, still to ask what is the quality which we are endeavouring to describe? People talk as if it meant that the poet was acquainted with a certain number of little aphorisms which have generally been inferred from his descriptions. A man is supposed to show a knowledge of the world when he suspects everybody to be a rogue, actual or potential. A good deal of experience may indeed show that the axiom with which children are apt to start, that everybody means what he says, is a very dangerous one to assume in practice; and some such negative truths may be learnt, as they generally are learnt, by unpleasant personal experience. But when they are all put together and stated in terms, we have come much nearer to the composition of a copy-book than to the composition of a natural history of mankind. The value of such commonplaces lies entirely in their application, and the man who is best furnished with them may be still at the very beginning of his art. All that is really known of the world or of human nature, in the sense of being capable of definite expression, might be put into a few simple maxims and taught, if it were desirable, to infants in Sunday schools; but the wisest and most experienced of men is liable to infinite blundering when he tries to translate them into practice. In like manner, the "little hoard of maxims" in which the knowledge of great poets is apparently supposed to consist comes to something singularly small. Shakspeare occasionally makes his characters jest when under the influence of an overpowering emotion; and the critics all hold up their hands in admiration of the mighty observer who discovered that a man who has just seen a ghost may occasionally relieve his feelings by a bad joke. But when we state the fact in this bald and quasi-scientific manner we have learnt substantially nothing. The question still remains, who are the people who make jokes under such circumstances, and what sort of jokes do they make? And anybody who should try to conjure with the same spell would find that the magic lay entirely in these incidental parts of the formula, which he must learn by instinct or

not all. It is known that the devil may be raised by saying the Lord's Prayer backwards, but people in modern times have somehow forgotten an essential part of the charm; we have known the experiment tried, but the would-be magicians have never met with the success they deserved; and people who fancy that the secrets of the great imaginative masters lay in those little propositions which can be extracted from their works, and cut and dried for future use, seem to be in much the same plight.

When we try to determine precisely what has been done by great writers in the way of accurate description of character, we come to a similar conclusion. There is an experiment, which most people have tried, which throws some light upon the difficulties of such a task. Two men, for example, have met a third person at different times, and, being ignorant of his name, try to identify him by verbal description. It is curious to remark how impossible it frequently is to hit upon any marks sufficiently distinctive to serve for identification. If by good fortune the person described has one leg, or a beard a yard long, there is some chance of securing a recognition; it will be sufficient if he wore a waistcoat of a remarkable colour, or had original views about hats; but if he was simply a remarkable-looking man—such a one as, once seen, you would be able to identify ever afterwards amongst a thousand of his like—it is frequently beyond your utmost skill to convey anything like a distinct image of his appearance into the mind of your companion. Now, if we apply the same experiment to a fictitious description, how many of the heroes and heroines who have been elaborately drawn by novelists have left any distinct picture upon the minds of their readers? We know Don Quixote or Falstaff or Pickwick by their dress or by some conspicuous personal peculiarity, as it would hardly need an introduction to recognize Daniel Lambert or the Lord Mayor in his state robes; but, as a general rule, no simple portrait will do without a name beneath it in black and white, and the remarkable fact about illustrations which have not conformed to some traditional type is that they are always utterly unlike our own previous conception. If twenty painters were to draw Hamlet without the artificial aids of a skull or of his costume, we would venture to say that there would be twenty totally distinct faces; and, to come to times of realistic description, where there are actual lists of the items that go to make up a face, how many of Scott's characters have any recognizable embodiment in art? The desire to obtain some

clearer notion of the people is one secret of the amazing taste for novels with illustrations, which certainly do something to eke out the difficulties of verbal description. Now we may safely assert that it is at least as hard to describe a character as a face; and, if there were any way of bringing it to a test, we imagine that the portraits of the interior man in the minds of readers would vary at least as widely as the portraits of the exterior. Many recent novelists indeed distinguish their creations by some little external help which serves to identify them, like the riband on the arm of a twin-child; but divest them of this rather inartistic device, and how many characters are real enough to be sure of recognition if we could meet them outside the imaginary world in which they live and move and have their being? Of course if they are mere bundles of oddities we might make a guess at their identity; but in that case it must be still asked how much we know of the real soul supposed to be enveloped in this strange shell. Even in the greatest writers, the vast majority of the actors are mere flat shades with not much more character than the Two Murderers, or the First and Second citizens, who make their entrance in an old-fashioned play. They are merely regarded from a single point of view and we have no means of bringing them into stereoscopic reality. It would be a curious experiment if some writer with a talent for imitation could adopt some of the characters of his predecessors and place them in an entirely new set of circumstances. It would be interesting to see Major Pendennis shaking hands with Mr. Pickwick, or Dandie Dinmont introduced to Adam Bede. One result, as we imagine, would be to prove that a vast number of characters who appear to have a tolerable amount of vitality in their own setting would turn out to be mere phantoms and empty pretenders to reality when brought into contact with new surroundings; and we are still more certain that nearly every reader would have his own notion of the most appropriate line of behaviour for them, and would thereby show that his view of the character was essentially different in many respects from that of other people. In other words, the descriptions which we take to be complete would appear to be partial and onesided. The chief exceptions to this rule would probably be the characters in which an author has really been describing himself. They generally stand out with incomparably greater distinctness from the poor

dim shades by which they are surrounded. It would be paradoxical to assert that no poet or novelist ever really described more than one character, and that one was himself; and yet we suspect that as fair a case could be made out for it as for most paradoxes. We might say, if we chose, for nobody could contradict us, Hamlet was nothing but Shakspeare in a melancholy mood, and Falstaff Shakspeare in his cups, and Othello Shakspeare under a jealous impulse. With more probability we might urge that scarcely any writer, unless of the very first class, has really contributed more than one permanent type to the existing stock of characters, and that, if that type was not simply a reflection of his own personal qualities, it was certainly one with which he had many points of sympathy.

Not to plunge into such rather irrelevant discussions, the application of these reflections seems to be simple. A great imaginative writer is remarkable, not for any conscious analysis of character, or for the number of propositions which he can put into formulas about human character in general—for such knowledge, even if desirable, is not at present in existence—but he is a man of rich character himself and of wide sympathies. He cannot create any large number of distinct persons; but he can feel a large number of deep emotions, and catch the contagion of passion easily from his fellows. He cannot explain the process by which he arrives at results any more than any one else, but he can throw himself into a number of positions, feel internally the passions which they would excite, and give them forcible utterance. To speak of him as possessing any special knowledge is not strictly accurate, for a man can hardly be said to know truths incapable of being expressed in words; but he has a dumb instinct which makes him intensely sympathetic, and capable of a great variety of changing frames of mind. He does not analyze emotions or thoughts, but he reflects them spontaneously, and he has a good store of his own to start with. And it may probably be often the case that the keenness of his sympathy would render the kind of knowledge which is to be obtained by this sort of spiritual vivisection specially inaccessible; though it is also true that there are a few rare persons who possess the power both of feeling and of observing their feelings with sufficient accuracy to turn them to good account afterwards.

From the Times.  
THE MIGRATION OF FABLES.

THE eminent Professor Max Müller delivered a high-class lecture on Friday evening, the 3rd inst., at the Royal Institution, on "The Migration of Fables"—tracing the history of some examples of this class of literature until they were lost in the mists of antiquity. The Dean of Westminster was amongst the numerous audience which warmly applauded this fine lecture. The Professor commenced his fine discourse with the familiar adage, "Count not your chickens before they are hatched," and expressed his belief that most hearers, if asked for its origin, would, without hesitation, refer it to Lafontaine, and to his milkmaid, Perrette. But about the year 550 of the Christian era, it was told to Khosru Nushirvan, King of Persia, that there existed in India books of great worth and wisdom, capable of instructing mankind in matters important to their welfare. The king desired that his own subjects should share in the benefits to be obtained from these books, and he instructed his vizier to employ a proper person to obtain and translate them. The royal physician, Barzduyeh, was selected for the work, and succeeded in accomplishing it. Barzduyeh refused all reward beyond a dress of honor, but stipulated that a notice of his own life and opinions, probably written by himself, should be appended to the work. Of this notice Professor Max Müller said that it was a *Religio Medici* of the sixth century, and that it exhibited the thoughts of a man who turned away from formalities in search of truth, and who, like many such seekers before and since, found his best refuge from the uncertainties of life in his endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-men. Among the Indian writings thus translated was a collection of fables known as the "Panka Tantra," or five books; and they were rendered into Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia. The original version by Barzduyeh is lost; but between the years 754 and 775 it was translated from Pehlevi into Arabic by Abdallah iba Almokaffa, who held high office at the Court of Almansur, Khaliff of Bagdad, the contemporary of Justinian. This second rendering of the "Panka Tantra" has been preserved, and an edition of it was published by De Sacy in 1816. It contains, among other fables, the story of a Brahmin, who collected rice by begging, and put the surplus into a pot, which he suspended over his couch. It occurred to him that there might be a famine, in which case he would sell his rice for a hundred

rupees and would buy two goats. The goats would multiply and become a herd, and he would sell them and buy cows. The cows would calve and increase in value, and he would then buy buffaloes and cultivate land. With the produce he would buy mares, and would sell their foals for gold, with which he would buy a fine house. Then a Brahmin would bring him his daughter in marriage, with a rich dowry, and they would have a son, who would be called Somo-Sala, and should run to sit upon his father's knee. The child should so run when his father was sitting reading, and would be in danger of being kicked by one of the mares. The father would call out to his wife, "Take the baby! take the baby!" but she, intent on household cares, would neglect the call. Then her enraged husband would spring up and give her a violent kick, and the Brahmin kicked out so vigorously that he kicked his pot and broke it, and the rice ran out, and made him white all over; so that people said of those who formed foolish plans, that they should be made white, like the father of Somo-Sala. The professor then began to trace this fable in its course towards modern times, and gave an account of some of the modifications that it had undergone. In one of these the dreamer was a holy man who had collected butter and honey; and the immediate cause of the final catastrophe, the breakage of the jar, so that the butter and honey ran down upon his beard, was the flourish given to his stick as an expression of his determination to chastise the son who was to crown his prosperity, if that son proved a negligent or backward student, and failed to profit by the masters that would be obtained for him. The version of "Abdallah iba Almokaffa" was itself translated into Greek by Symon Seth, and from his Greek into Italian and Latin. It was also translated, directly or indirectly, into Hebrew, Latin, German, Spanish, French, and English; but the version from which Lafontaine appears to have taken some of his stories came through two successive Persian translations, of which the second, a modernized one, was long a Haileybury textbook, and which appeared in French as the fables of the Indian sage Pilpay. Lafontaine did not obtain Perrette from this source, as the original fable was not included in the collection; and Professor Max Müller briefly traced the translations of the story of the Castle Builder and showed when the milkmaid was introduced as the heroine. Leaving this part of the subject, and after some remarks on the vitality and the widely-spread influence of

Eastern fable, the Professor spoke of one Sergius, a Christian, who held a position of trust under Almansur, and whose son, under the name of Johannes Dalmascenus, became a famous theologian and controversial writer. Among other works, he wrote a treatise on Christian morals, in the form of a kind of religious novel, the history of Balaam and Josophat. The latter was a young prince, of whom it had been predicted that he would embrace Christianity, and become a devotee. His father endeavoured to seclude him from all knowledge of human misery or evil, and to attach him entirely to the pursuit of pleasure. But at length the young prince took three drives, and saw old age, sickness, and death. He became a hermit, and had been accepted as an actual person by both the Eastern and Western Churches, and was canonized by both. In the Greek Church the festival of St. Josophat is celebrated on the 16th of August; in the Church of Rome on the 27th of November. But the Professor pointed out how certainly the son of a great officer at the Court of Almansur would be acquainted with the Indian literature that Abdallah ibn Almokaffa had translated from Pehlevi into Arabic; and then went on to show that the history of Josophat was simply the history of Buddha, as given in the sacred books of the Buddhist religion. He said it was strange, indeed, if the founder of Buddhism—a religion that had endured for 2,400 years, that even now numbered 455,000,000 adherents, and that taught a morality second only to that of Christianity—had received the highest honour that the Church of Rome could bestow; and added that no member of that Church who read the life of Buddha need feel ashamed that this heathen saint had been added to the calendar.

**RESTORATION OF THE ALHAMBRA.**—The Spanish Cortes have recently made a grant of 65,000 dollars towards the restoration and preservation of this building; and in the *Revista de Espana* for April 25, Senor Raphael Contreras discusses the project of turning it into a museum for Oriental antiquities. There are a variety of other projects under consideration in Spain for the collection, classification, and preservation of the Celtiberian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Hebrew, Arabic, Hispano-Arabic, and Christian historical antiquities now in process of dispersion and destruction throughout the country. S. Contreras offers some suggestion for their temporary preservation.

Academy.

From Nature.

#### ON THE EXTRACT OF MEAT.

AN article of food has lately been introduced which has found its way into every grocer's and chemist's shop in the country, and for which there is in all parts of the world a vast demand. This substance is variously called the Extract of Meat, the Juice of Flesh, Liebig's Extract, and in Latin, *Extractum Carnis Liebigii*. The name of Baron Liebig, the great chemist, is more especially connected with this compound, as he has undoubtedly the merit of having first called attention to it as a valuable article of diet. In his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," he devotes a letter to vegetable and animal food, and gives an account of their various chemical components. He shows with regard to all animal flesh, that besides fibrine, albumen, gelatine, and fat, it contains certain other constituents which may be separated from these by a simple process of infusion, straining, and evaporation. The substance thus obtained is the extract of flesh. This compound was known to chemists previous to the researches of Liebig, and he especially mentions those sagacious and experienced physicians, Parmentier and Proust, who had long ago endeavoured to introduce a general use of the extract of meat. They, however, regarded it as a remedy for disease and exhaustion, and recommended it as a resource for the diseased and wounded soldier on the field of battle or in camp. "In the supplies of a body of troops," says Parmentier, "extract of meat would to the severely wounded soldier be a means of invigoration, which with a little wine would instantly restore his powers, exhausted by great loss of blood, and enable him to bear being transported to the nearest field hospital." "We cannot," says Proust, "imagine a more fortunate application. What more invigorating remedy, what more powerfully acting panacea than a genuine extract of meat dissolved in a glass of noble wine? Ought we then to have nothing in our field hospitals for the unfortunate soldier whose fate condemns him to suffer for our benefit the horrors of a long death-struggle amidst snow and the mud of swamps?" That which these sagacious physicians recommended for dying soldiers is now a common article of daily consumption in the households of Europe. That which was amply demonstrated to be of use to the dying soldier, was found no less adapted to restore the vital powers of the poor in our hospitals, and that which proved of benefit to the exhausted nervous powers of the poor was soon found to be of value to the exhausted nervous

powers of the rich. The doctor, from prescribing it to the poor in hospitals, learned to prescribe it to his patients among the rich. The result of the action of this substance on exhausted nervous systems and debilitated frames is no delusion, it is no influence of imagination, no simple belief in doses without power, but a real experience which is accumulating from day to day, and making demands on the manufacturers of this all-potent juice, which their utmost industry cannot meet.

Let us now inquire how this is. To the unlearned there is a ready reply: the extract of flesh is all the nutritive power of flesh concentrated, and if one pound of juice is got from thirty pounds of flesh it must be thirty times as nutritious. But it is not so, and it will be surprising to those who believe in this doctrine to hear that the extract of meat contains little or nothing of what may be said to be nutritious at all. The substances which go to form nourishment for the body, which are contained in meat, are fibrine, albumen, and fat, but these are not present in the extract of meat.

One hundred parts of beef contain the following constituents:—

1. Fibrine, . . . . .	4
2. Albumen, . . . . .	4
3. Gelatine, . . . . .	7
4. Fat, . . . . .	30
5. Mineral matters, . . . . .	5
6. Water, . . . . .	50
	<hr/>
	100

Let us contrast with this the composition of a hundred parts of Liebig's Extract of Meat:—

1. Creatine, Creatinine, Inosic Acid, Os- mazome, &c., . . . . .	51
2. Gelatine, . . . . .	8
3. Albumen, . . . . .	3
4. Mineral matters, . . . . .	21
5. Water, . . . . .	17
	<hr/>
	100

The difference will be seen at a glance. The water has diminished by half, the albumen is less, and there is four times the quantity of mineral matter, and a set of bodies is introduced which occupy half the bulk of the compound, which are not noticed in the composition of beef at all. If, then, the Extract of Meat differs from beef and from all other nutritious articles of diet, it is not in containing nutritious matters, but in containing the chemical compounds just mentioned in large quantities, and mineral matters. It is to these, then, we must look for the explanation of the marvellous powers

which the extract of flesh exerts on the human system.

What, then, are the creatine, and its associates creatinine, inosic acid, &c? All we know of creatine is that it is a crystallizable body, and that it has an alkaline action, and is capable of combining with acids to form salts. In this respect it is like quinine, morphine, strychnine, and other substances from the vegetable kingdom capable of exerting a great influence on the nervous system. It seems to stand between these latter bodies and theine, which is contained in tea and coffee, and which has not the power of combining with acids. Whatever may be its chemical character, we know little of its action on the human body. It is easily resolvable into urea, and seems to be one of those compounds which are the result of the decomposition of albumen and fibrine into nerves and muscles before these are ultimately removed from the body. Whatever may be the true chemical or physiological relations of creatine, we cannot but regard the presence of this substance in the extract of flesh as playing an important part in the action of the latter on the human system.

When creatine is boiled with mineral acids another product results, which differs from creatine, and is called creatinine. This again may be decomposed, and forms sarkosine. The special action of these substances on the animal system is unknown, but we know they are contained in the juice of flesh. Besides these substances, there is inosic acid, and inosite, or muscle sugar, found in the juice of flesh, and probably there are other compounds not yet made out, and of whose special action on animal organisms we as yet know nothing. But although our knowledge of the action of these things is very imperfect, there is one thing we know, and that is, that the albumen, the fibrine, the fat, and the gelatine, will none of them act separately or together, as they do when combined with the juice of flesh.

Many experiments have been performed in France, Belgium, and Germany, which show that fibrine alone will not support life, that albumen alone (as in white of eggs) will not support life, that gelatine alone will not support life; we are thus driven to the conclusion, seeing that all these substances are easily digested and appropriated when combined with the juice of flesh, that the alkaline and other substances referred to perform a most important part, if not in ultimate nutrition, at least in the previous process of digesting food.

If we study a little our individual experience in the matter of digestion, we may



find perhaps an approximate solution of the mode in which Liebig's Extract acts in giving strength to the weak, and new life to the exhausted. If we are hungry and eat dry bread the appetite soon palls, and we give up the effort; if we take some cold water we can consume more of the bread, and even with warm water, especially if flavoured with tea and sugar, still more. The latter evidently acts as an incentive. If we add salt to the water the same effect is produced. But if we now take a basin of soup—for soup is but a solution of the juice of flesh—we shall find that we can take into our stomachs with relish four or five times the bread we could have eaten dry or with cold water. How is this? We are all aware of the fact without being able to give the explanation. It is evident that an effect has been produced upon the nerves of the stomach and its glandular apparatus, which has enabled it to digest and deal with food which before was a more inanimate burden in its cavity. If the nervous system is excessively exhausted or unable to act, as it is sometimes in disease, the glass of "noble wine" recommended by Froust will increase the effect upon the paralyzed nerves. It is in this way, it appears to me, that the extract of flesh taken with food acts in so beneficial a manner, as compared with tea, coffee, cocoa, beer, wine, or spirits. All these, whilst stimulating the nerves of the stomach to higher action, are attended with subsequent depressing and sedative effects, of which we see no sign in the action of a dilute solution of the juice of flesh.

There does not appear to exist any evidence of the subsequent beneficial action of the organic substances found in the Extract of Meat. Not that this ought to be denied to them. They may, like theine and quinine, supply more readily materials for the manufacture of working muscle and nerve than can be readily obtained otherwise than from the blood. The theory that these salts assist in nourishing the nerves has recently been put forward, with his accustomed ingenuity, by Professor Agassiz; and as the flesh of fish is known to contain more creatine than that of other animals, he recommends a diet of fish as especially adapted for the food of philosophers and those who work much with their brains.

But whatever doubts may arise as to the action of creatine and its consequences on the ultimate nutrition of the nerves and muscles, there can be no doubt of the beneficial action of the mineral matter contained in Liebig's Extract. We eat salt because we do not get enough in our ordi-

nary food. Besides salt, which contains chlorine and sodium, we require other elements in our bodies. We require phosphorus, calcium, potassium, sulphur, and iron. Now, we do not add these artificially to our food as we do the chloride of sodium, and yet in our ordinary system of cooking and feeding we may deprive our bodies of these necessary elements. In soup we supply them, and they are contained in the juice of flesh. Whilst one hundred pounds of beef contain five pounds of mineral matters, one hundred pounds of Liebig's Extract contain twenty-one pounds of the same substances. Above seventy per cent. of these consist of phosphorus and potassium, whilst the remainder consists of lime, iron, sulphur, and magnesia. Here then, perhaps, we may find a nutritive action for the Extract in supplying those elements to the nerves and muscles which are constantly being removed by the changes of composition in the tissues, through the vital activity of the body.

From the above statement it will be seen that the juice of flesh presents after its manufacture no new product, but that it contains the same constituents that are ordinarily met with in the flesh of animals. The great advantage that it confers is that it is already fit for use. A teaspoonful of the Extract in a pint of hot water is a stock for any kind of soup, and may be prepared in a few minutes. To this may be added bread, potatoes, vegetables, eggs, meat, or flavouring essences of any kind, and the most agreeable of soups can be thus prepared. Its use in this direction is not confined to the sick-room; it may be used economically for the daily manufacture of soup for the table, and where the speedy preparation of hot food is desirable there is nothing to equal it. For the dyspeptic, and those whose stomachs have become paralyzed by the use of theine in tea and coffee, it quickly restores the digestive powers; and for a permanent beverage, morning and evening, it is better than tea or coffee. Of course, this solution should always be taken warm, although after cooling it is perfectly thin, and is not like soup made from meat, which becomes thick on cooling, an effect due to the gelatine, and greasy, from the fat floating on the surface.

The Extract is sold for ten or twelve shillings a pound, and a pound of Extract represents thirty pounds of lean beef. It is therefore no economy to make it and sell it at this price in England; but as it can be made in South America and Australia, where cattle and sheep are in abundance, even at the low price of ten shillings a

pound, including carriage, a large profit is made. Within the last few years an establishment has been erected at Frey Bentos, in South America, for the manufacture of this Extract from the wild cattle of that part of the world. There are also two distinct manufactories on the Clarence, New South Wales. These places are worked by companies which supply immense quantities for public use. There are also private manufactories in many parts of America and Europe, and one in Scotland, supplying the same substance. As far as published analyses have gone, the Extract has the same general composition, and on that account one is not to be preferred above another. But there is a difference in flavour, and that which is preferred in that point will fetch the highest price and have the the largest sale. Here, as in all other kinds of food, it is the flavour that makes the quality. It is the *bouquet* of wine and not the alcohol that constitutes its value.

E. LANKESTER.

From The Athenæum.

#### STERNE'S DAUGHTER.

ALBY is an ancient brick-built town, on the Tarn, the pride of the flat and fertile plain of Languedoc. As Albige, it was not without renown; and, in later times, it gave a name to those free inquirers of their day, the Albigenes. It still produces the woad with which the aboriginal fashionables painted themselves, and with which artists of the present period create effects, under the name of *pastel*. Alby is the market-place of perhaps the richest corn-country in France. The noble towers of its Gothic brick cathedral, Ste.-Cécile, are as landmarks to wayfarers on the plain. The people are a quiet, pious people; but they care less for Cardinal d'Amboise than they do for their townsman, the luckless yet gallant navigator, La Pérouse. They were prophesying his future renown while they were unconscious of his future fate, when, in 1775, two English ladies were residing in the ancient town, and were being welcomed to its best society. They were mother and daughter—the widow and the only child of Sterne, who died in 1768. The first was the poor, gaunt, shattered wreck of that once-beautiful Elizabeth Lumley, who had first stirred the pulses of Sterne's heart and won a homage, which afterwards, like Israel's incense, was offered at many a shrine. The second lady was the Lydia, in his affection for whom Sterne

never wavered. She was the joy of his heart when present, its strong desire when absent. All that he had felt in his early days for "my Lumley"—the sincere and eager love, the intense sentiment, the more intense romantic feeling, the overwhelming gladness when, after long hesitation, Elizabeth Lumley became his wife—all was modified, yet not diminished, in his paternal love for his daughter; and Lydia's filial affection was rendered to her father in equal measure.

The two ladies had resided so long in France that even the elder might have become, at least, acclimatized by 1772. The younger was at that time as one to the manner born. Her attractions had their natural influences on the hearts of more than one young French gentleman; but there was only one who seems to have touched her own, and that was a certain Alexander Anne Médalle, who was one year younger than herself, the son of a gentleman employed in the French Customs or Tax Office; he was "*Receveur des Décimes*." All that the public has hitherto known is that this young couple were married. So completely did they disappear from all record that biographers have been reduced to the mere suggestion that M. and Madame Médalle perished in the Great Revolution which ended the history of so many families. But Alby has not so completely forgotten the story of Lydia Sterne. On the 28th of April, 1772, Lydia, then just of full age, made abjuration of the Protestant religion in the private chapel of the Provost's house in Alby, an act which put away all obstacles to her marriage with a Roman Catholic. In the "*Inventaire des Archives Communales d'Alby*" it is written,—"*Le mariage était forcé, urgent; car alors la loi autorisait la recherche de la paternité.*" Whether this refers to the minority of the bridegroom and parental opposition, or the unwillingness of the bride's mother to consent to the match, we cannot say. However this may be, the wedding took place on the day that Lydia united herself to the Church of which her lover was a member. The ceremony was performed where the abjuration had been pronounced, but Sterne's widow was not present. No other reason is alleged for her absence but that of her health, for the improvement of which Mrs. Sterne had been living in Alby. The widow died there, in January, 1773, in the house of a medical man named Lionières, No. 9, Rue St.-Antoine, and so closed the story of the poor lady who, three-and-thirty years earlier, had said to Sterne, "My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily

believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune." The daughter's wedded life was briefer than her mother's. One son was born of the marriage at Alby, and when he died, September 19th, 1783, at the school of Sorère, Lydia Médalle, *née* Sterne, was not alive to weep for the early death of her only child.

These details concerning the widow, daughter and grandson of "Yorick" are entirely new. In the *Athenæum*, No. 2221, at the close of a notice of M. Stapfer's Study on Sterne, we expressed a wish that he had thrown some light over the obscurity which enveloped the story of Lydia's married life. M. Stapfer has most courteously and amply gratified this wish by furnishing us with information derived from the Archives at Alby, which sets the word "Finis" to the hitherto incomplete story of Sterne's daughter.

---

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### FRENCH CRITICISM ON DICKENS.

AMONG the articles on Charles Dickens which have appeared in the French press the most interesting, perhaps, are those by M. Scherer in the *Temps* and M. Louis Blanc in the *Rappel*. They are very good examples of French analytical criticism, and illustrate those tendencies of French taste and culture which must necessarily interfere very much with a just appreciation of such works as those which "Boz" has bequeathed to us. The two critics do not quite agree in their estimate of the genius of Dickens. M. Scherer, indeed, is not prepared to admit that he is a genius at all. He is not an artist, nor a man of letters with any permanent place in literature proper; only an amuseur, a comic writer of strong uncultivated talent, who can raise a laugh, and is not very particular as to the means by which he does it. Still, M. Scherer is good enough to allow that as an amuseur, if nothing more, he is incomparable. M. Louis Blanc, on the other hand, does not dispute Mr. Dickens's genius. He has no hesitation in ranking Dickens in the first series of humourists, which includes Shakespeare, Sterne, Jean Paul Richter, and Cervantes, though he places him below each of these. He thinks Dickens has less originality than Shakespeare, less sensibility than Cervantes, less profundity than Jean Paul, less bonhomie than Sterne. Save in the last instance, we might admit the inferiority. Even allowing for the distinction between the writer and his works,

bonhomie is surely not the quality in which Dickens can be said to yield to Sterne.

Coming to particulars, we discover that what offends M. Scherer most in Dickens's novels is their vulgarity. Instead of dealing with fine sentiments and great passions, which the French critic deems to be the true province of high-class fiction, they are full of vulgar people and vulgar petty details. He is horrified at the company among whom he finds himself. He cannot, he says, forgive a writer who drags him through such miserable, hideous scenes, wretched schools where children are persecuted, gaols full of rotting prisoners, and crowds of beggars and Bedlamites. "I can never read Dickens," he says, "without thinking of Hogarth. In one and the other there is the same power of observation, the same wealth of details, the same inexhaustible verve, the same mingling of tragic and comic, the same predilection for vulgar life, but also the same absence of delicacy and taste. About both there is something massive. They leave nothing for the reader to divine, but throw themselves upon some peculiarity, and are never satisfied that they have sufficiently marked their meaning."

M. Scherer's complaint of Dickens's partiality for low and vulgar things reminds one of M. Taine's similar protest against the famous beef-steak pudding which Tom Pinch's sister makes for him on the first day of her housekeeping. M. Taine is indignant that a pretty young lady should thus be associated with a meat dumpling, when the author might just as easily have presented her with delicate fingers twisting an artificial rose, like George Sand's Genéviève. "C'est le bonheur qui lui manque," says M. Taine, but a few pages further on we learn that Dickens would not have been an Englishman if it had not been so, and that it is this same "manque de bonheur" which is the basis of English character. The truth is, there are few Frenchmen—few literary Frenchmen, at any rate—who have yet quite got over the traditions of the Grande Monarchie. They are all classicists at heart, with a pious preference for the traditions of the old school, and a perpetual dread of compromising the dignity of art by any reference to common things and common people.

M. Louis Blanc, as one who has lived longer among us and become accustomed to our low tastes, has nothing to say to this aspect of the novels. What strikes him most is Dickens's remarkable aptitude for bringing into relief the comic side of human affairs, wrapping up what is hideous in a grotesque covering, tickling the reader, and,

as Rabelais would have said, making him *s'esclaffer* with laughing, even in the work-house of poor Oliver Twist, even in the school of savage Squeers, even in Fagin's den. But if this faculty of humour was his strength in one way it was his weakness in another. M. Blanc thinks that Dickens's love of fun too often runs away with him, leading him not to regard with sufficient seriousness the vices he describes, and exposing himself to some suspicion as to the reality of his own convictions as a moralist. He weakens the impression of his satirical pictures by his repugnance for the austere aspects of life and too much love for mere jollity. His most odious characters are often so comic that it is difficult to be angry with them. When one comes across this hypocrite or rogue, one is tempted to say, "Certainly he is a scoundrel; but, after all, so amusing." No doubt there is a degree of truth in these remarks. Such a pick-pocket as the Dodger or such a hypocrite as Pecksniff is much too funny to be sincerely detested. There are even villains like Jonas Chuzzlewit, villains of the deepest dye whose blackness is relieved by no touches of humour, and yet whom we fail to hate with much thoroughness. But the reason of this is to be sought in the character of Dickens's writings, which, though photographic in the minute and vivid realization of externals, are altogether fanciful in moral portraiture. In the latter respect his personages belong rather to fancy than to fiction. They are not portraits, but allegories and figures of speech. Brothers Cheeryble are Benevolence, Pecksniff is Hypocrisy, Mark Tapley Chieffulness, Jonas Chuzzlewit Avarice, Old Wardle Hospitality, Squeers and Sally Brass Cruelty, and so on. They not only represent each their particular trait or quality, but they do this constantly, and never anything else. And one result is that the characters, being thus to a great extent abstractions, do not inspire us with the same keen personal feeling as they would do if more like ourselves and the people we are in the habit of meeting in the world. M. Louis Blanc, for example, remarks upon the unsparring lash with which Dickens pursued the philanthropists and other agents of systematic benevolence. The same might be said of the clergy, of whom scarcely a single favourable specimen is to be found in all his pages. Yet none are more loud in his praises than the preachers, and the philanthropists have never resented the bitter caricatures, as personal to themselves. The very exaggeration of the picture softened the sting.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

#### ALPINE RAILWAYS.

WE are not surprised that the scheme of the St. Gothard Railway should excite strong commercial and political antipathy in France. French carrying companies have already lost much of their traffic, thanks to the competing Italian communications with the East, and in spite of all the help they give themselves by means of malevolently arranged correspondences and richly subsidized steamers. It is not pleasant to look to the opening of a new line through the Alps, which Northern and Central Germany, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, and the British Isles will find the shortest cut to Southern markets. Regarded patriotically and politically, the idea is still more objectionable. Still smarting from the aggrandizement and consolidation of Prussia, Frenchmen see their mushroom rival lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, providing herself sympathy and certain succour in the event of the long-deferred war proclaiming itself. Nor will France neutralize this advantage by forcing on the tunnel through the Simplon, as is suggested by the leaders of the Left Centre. Although the St. Gothard Railway will run altogether upon Swiss ground, yet the southern keys to both approaches will be trusted practically to Italian hands, and the advantage given by either will depend on the existence or absence of Italian sympathy. In the event of their having to choose a side, the French have no doubt whatever as to how the Italians would decide: and in that lies the sting of the situation. All the Italian gratitude is less for favours past than for favours to come: to be left alone is pretty much the drift of Italian policy and the climax of Italian ambition, and that is a benefit she looks for more confidently from Prussian hands. The French occupation of Civita Vecchia gives in Italian eyes a material guarantee for perpetual French intermeddling in affairs at Florence. So we repeat, it is sufficiently clear the French have good reason to dislike the proposed railway. That the railway will be made there is little doubt. It is a necessity. It will bring unmixed gain to Switzerland, although joining cantons may squabble over their share of the profits. Bismarck has made up his mind that it is to be, or the scheme would never have assumed such definite shape. If anything could stimulate the cordial co-operation of Italy, it would be the avowed jealousy of France. That France will take it up as a European question is now scarcely probable, though, of

course, there will be much angry talk about it in the Chamber.

Our own objections to the line are of a different character. We admit its utility, and to a certain extent its convenience. German commercial travellers and Swiss tradesmen will be delivered in the cities of Lombardy and the Romagna with punctuality and despatch. Drovers of cattle and flocks of sheep will be spared a long and painful journey over dusty roads in a burning sun; in winter, if you have occasion to follow that particular route, you will be transmitted in tolerable comfort and warmth through the bowels of the mountains, instead of being dragged over their tops, amid ice, snow, and storm, in draughty rickety sledges, always upsetting. But a very agreeable fashion of summer travelling is likely to be knocked on the head. For it must be remembered that members of Alpine Clubs, although they are the aristocracy of Swiss travellers, form, like most aristocracies, an insignificant minority of the masses. There are people with a profound reverence for the grand and a keen sense of the beautiful, to whom the most insignificant col is a feat as impracticable as the Matterhorn, to whom the mildest mountain climbing is an impossibility, and to whom the mountain mule or pony is sorrow and tribulation. These people found, with Rogers, that "over the Simplon, over the Splügen, wound a path of pleasure." They ascended leisurely into the heart of Alpine nature by excellent carriage roads. There are more agreeable vehicles than the lumbering diligence, and of course you might as well travel packed in sand in the boot as smothered in dust in the rotonde or interieur. But many a pleasant travelling memory clusters about that low banquette, although the leather cushions were so thin and hard, and the apron-top so sharp; although you were always crushing your unlucky wide-awake against the low hood; and on the perennial declivity on one side and the other, the conductor as he screwed on the drag kept his elbow grinding your unlucky ribs like a coffee-mill. If you chartered a vast Italian vettura for an insignificant return fare at Fluellen, how pleasant that used to be! You and your friend could stroll all about its spacious quarters as it crawled deliberately up the mountain side, behind its four gaunt horses carefully guarded from the gaddies by waving green boughs and tasselled nets. You could enjoy the soft or savage bits, comfortably loling at length in the banquette, or when you came to some *triste* Valley of the Shadow of Death, with its tame stretch of stone and barrenness,

you could draw down the green blinds and recruit yourselves with a quiet siesta within doors. Or if you were of more impatient temperament, or time was valuable, you hired a light open phaeton and a pair of powerful mountain cobs at Andermatt, and rattled up behind a cheery young driver who woke the echoes with his jödells. Some of the most charming entrances to Italy are by these carriage roads — that by the Splügen, for example, where you look down from among the summer snows through a mountain arch at the white campaniles and green trellised vines of Italy. In the St. Gothard, as it chanced, the Swiss side of the mountain has engrossed the chief charms of the route, and there is nothing after you pass Airola equal to what you admire as you mount by the jovous torrent that comes leaping down from the Bridge of the Devil to the lake of the forest cantons. But the line up the St. Gothard is but the beginning of the end. The French already threaten the completion of that other line by the Simplon which has so long been stopped by the side of the mountain and the want of funds. Soon the boring-rods and blasting powder will be at work in the gorge of Gondo. The Grisons, irritated by the growing prosperity of their neighbours of the central cantons, will stand on their federal motto, "One for all and all for one," insist on reciprocity and a vote of federal funds for a line by the Splügen. You will be hurried along in the depths of the Rheintal, between walls of rock and hedges of pine, with the Via Mala well out of sight, running thousands of feet above your head. In the next outburst of joint-stock insanity in England, rival promoters are sure to apply successfully to our capital for a competing line by the Bernardino. In short, the impetus once given, the example once set in the Central Alps, the roads will have no chance with the railways. And the railways once opened, the deserted roads will be left to the tender mercies of the winter elements, without the watchful guardianship of the *cantonniers*. The Swiss are too poor and too practical a people to keep up one and the other. We have already witnessed the fate of the Stelvio, since Austria parted with the *raison d'être* of her costly military road. It was comparatively unimportant that rails should be laid over the Brenner, lowest and tamest of passes. One lost something more by Lanslebourg and on the French side of the Cenis; but still there was nothing so grand there but what you could endure to see it sacrificed with tolerable resignation. Moreover, you could always look forward to



your return by the Gothard, the Simplon, or the Splügen. But when all these have become the prey of the engineer, and the mountains that overhang them are abandoned to sheep and goats, lammergeier, and Alpine Club men, those middle-aged men who still delight in Swiss travel will begin to discover what they have been robbed of.

From The Spectator.

#### THE LAST JAPANESE BLUE-BOOK.

WE recommend a speculation to Messrs. Mudie, the purchase of all obtainable copies of the "Correspondence respecting Japan (No. 3), 1870," just presented to Parliament. It is not often that a Blue-Book is one of the curiosities of literature, worthy to be preserved, and likely to be preserved, for centuries, but this one is. In a volume of less than a hundred pages of large print, strictly official in form, but strictly literary in style, Sir Harry Parkes and his able colleague Mr. Mitford have presented to the Foreign Office a full and an intelligible history of the reorganization of the Japanese Government, supported by the most strangely interesting *pièces justificatives* it was ever our lot to read; decrees, debates, political pamphlets, religious tracts, speeches from the throne, manifestoes to the people, all exactly translated from the Japanese, all running over with fact and meaning, all unconscious — that is written for native use and not for European eyes — and all marked by a radical divergence from European modes of thought. The extraordinary separateness of the Japanese character, its unlikeness to the Oriental, no less than to the European type, comes out in all its fullness, till the English reader pauses in astonishment, to wonder what manner of men these can be who are as unlike himself as if they had been born in another planet, yet think with all his own power; who believe the Imperial family created Japan, yet reason on the merits of different systems of government like so many Hallams; who see that Christianity promises all to the lowly, and, therefore, denounce it as a huge imposture, inferior to Buddhism, yet in the same breath admit that Buddhism is dying of luxury and viciousness; who have just carried through an enormous revolution, but defend the new Government because it is antique; who plead the superiority of foreigners as a reason for friendship, but declare that the ways of Japan must be original; who hold their Emperor to be

divine, but march behind him armed with repeating rifles; who, in full Parliamentary debate, refuse to abolish the seppuka, or hara kiri, the cruel compulsion to suicide by disembowelling, *because* such suicide is, as one Member said, "the very shrine of the Japanese national spirit, and the embodiment in practice of devotion to principle." Mr. Mitford has given reports of more than fifty speeches upon this point, and in the immense majority the leading, and, indeed, the single idea is, that the "hara kiri" is a virtuous act, a final and conclusive proof that the suicide still believes principle ought to be lord of all, — that he is not lost to shame, but gives a grand "sign of a nature uncorrupted" by himself condemning himself to a capital penalty. The notion that a soldier should forego such a right is treated as infamous, and destructive of the sense of honour, without which, says one speaker, a soldier is but a common man. Seneca would have exulted in the morality of the new Parliament of Japan, which is, for other reasons, a noteworthy assembly. It is composed of the Intendants of all the feudal Chiefs. When in 1868 an explosion of opinion — the causes of which are still imperfectly understood, though the main one was undoubtedly dread of foreign conquest — shattered the power of the Mayors of the Palace, the "Ziogoons," and restored the Mikado to his autocracy, the great feudal chiefs, who felt to the full the impulse of that opinion, resolved that the Throne, to be real, must be powerful, — that the powers stolen *six hundred years ago* from the State must be restored to its chief. He alone must be the source of power and owner of the soil. Uncompelled apparently by any force, acting, as they declare, solely from a sense of political duty "to the myriads and millions," some 300 Daimios, each of them a sovereign, surrendered their titles, their lands, their powers, and their revenues into the hands of the Emperor, whose authority was proclaimed autocratic and divine. He reappointed them as his officers, subject to his absolute commands, and summoned them to aid him with their counsels in a deliberative assembly. They, however, bred up in the harem, were most of them incompetent; but they sent up their Premiers instead, the officers sprung from the people who really wield their power; and these men not only organized a House with fixed rules of debate — remarkable mainly for this, that a motion can only be carried by a three-fifths' majority — a Speaker, a system of interpellation, and a fixed mode of intercourse with the Executive; but discussed constitutions

for the Empire, all given here, and all marked by great — in one instance by very great — political ability. One was feudal, one was semi-feudal, one strictly monarchical, and this one was, as had been expected, accepted by the Mikado, who, in a short speech, announced that henceforward the Daimios would be only lieutenants, and their estates governed "like cities," by his own officers, fixed portions of their revenues being set aside for the purposes of Government. This reform would appear to have been unresisted, and the Mikado to have been replaced in a position in some respects strangely like that of the Cæsar who, as De Quincey pointed out, was absolute because he was incarnate Rome. Throughout all the debates and documents there runs this same idea, — that the first duty of a Japanese is to Japan, that to Japan he owes all, even life and lands, and that Japan in the patriotic sense is incarnate in the Emperor. This idea is most fully expressed in an official pamphlet or manifesto, published to explain to the people the objects and the motive of the monarchical revolution:—

"Is there any man who thinks that he has never received a penny from the Emperor? Is there any man who thinks that he is not beholden to the Emperor for one tittle of help in his need? Is there any man who believes that it is of his own merit that he passes through the world, and who feels not the favours he has received from his country? If there be such a man, great is his mistake. He is like the man in the proverb who is grateful for the light borrowed from his lamp, but is heedless of the thanks which he owes to the moon and to the sun. If, then, a man wishes to fulfil his duties as a man, and having been born in the country of the gods desires not to turn his back upon the spirits of that country, let him above all things bear in mind the privilege of being born a Japanese, and set his heart upon repaying the debt of gratitude which he owes to his country. We have said that the institutions of the country of the gods excel those of other countries. The heavenly ancestors of the Emperor of old created this country, and established the duties of men in their mutual relations. Since that time the line of Emperors has never been changed. Generation has succeeded generation in the rule of this country, and the Imperial heart has ever been penetrated by a tender love for the people. In their turn the people have revered and served generation after generation of Emperors. In foreign countries the lines of princes have been frequently changed; the people owe their Sovereign a debt of gratitude which extends over two or three generations; the relations of sovereign and subject last for 100 or 200 years; the prince of yesterday is the foe of to-day; the Minister of yesterday is the rebel of to-morrow. In our country we have no such folly. Since

the creation of the world the Imperial line has been unchanged and the relations of sovereign and subject have been undisturbed; hence it is that the spirit of gratitude has intensified and grown deeper and deeper. The especial point in which the institutions of our country excel those of the rest of the world is the creed which has been established by the heavenly ancestors of the Emperor, and which comprises the mutual duties between lord and servant. Even in foreign countries where lords and servants have over and over again changed places, these mutual duties are handed down as a matter of weighty importance. How much the more does it behoove us to pay a debt of deep and inexhaustible gratitude which extends over ages."

This idea that obedience to the State is a duty, a religious as well as social obligation, has taken fast hold of the Japanese, till it has become, as regards the Emperor, something almost akin to worship. His journey to Yeddo, a strange royal progress, the first after an interval of six hundred years, during which the Emperors had been, like the long-haired Kings of the Franks, the secluded objects of a distant worship, seems to have moved the Japanese heart to its depths. As he entered the gate in the Phoenix car, or palanquin of state,—

"There were fully sixty of them immediately surrounding the Ho-o-ren, and the effect of the group, with the brilliant sun lighting up the sheen of the silk and the glitter of the lacquer, was very gorgeous and indescribably strange, comparable to nothing ever seen in any other part of the world. And now a great silence fell upon the people. Far as the eye could see on either side the roadsides were densely packed with the crouching populace, in their ordinary position when any official of rank passes by. And as the train has moved between them, Kugés and Daimios, troops and warriors and statesmen, they had looked on in comparative quiet, a murmur of conversation in an undertone and constant slight restlessness of movement betokening the general interest. But as the Phoenix Car, with its strange crest shimmering in the sunlight, and with its halo of glittering attendants, came on, circling it like the sun-rays, the people, without order or signal, turned their faces to the earth, the Foreign-Office officials, who had hitherto stood upright beside us few Europeans, sank into the same position, and no man moved or spake for a space, and all seemed to hold their breath for very awe as the mysterious Presence, on whom few are privileged to look and live, was passing slowly by. The hush was as that which preceded the 'still, small voice' which the Prophet heard on Horeb; and though we might not do reverence to the Emperor like his subjects, we could not but respect the reverence of his people, nor with all our better knowledge and higher civilization could we refuse to own that a Power was in our midst before which bowed millions of our fellow-men."

One would think that Japan, with its vast and warlike population, its pagan ideal of patriotism as higher than morality, its habit of obedience, and the power its people display of utilizing European discoveries like steamers and breech-loaders — a power in which the Japanese stand alone among the nations of the East — would feel itself strong and safe enough. There is a root of weakness, however, somewhere. The Revolution was caused mainly by fear of invasion, the pamphleteers speak incessantly of the necessity of strength in the Government to check foreign advance, the Members of Parliament refer to the "still prowling barbarian," and the Foreign Office of Japan, in a curious paper of inquiries submitted to the Parliament of Yeddo, openly acknowledges that it must either protect foreigners or fight them, and does not see its way to either, but inclines to peace and the adoption of Western civilization. The Europeans in Yeddo say the root of distrust is the visible superiority of the British soldier, who for his part utterly despises his Japanese rival, but that suggestion is hardly sufficient when the overwhelming disproportion of numbers is taken into account. We have no explanation to offer, but we have two suspicions, one borne out by every line of this volume, the other derived only from the experience of the Indian Empire. May it not be that the shadow cast by the West on all Eastern races, the deep melancholy which the sense of their inferiority to the West in energy casts on all the tribes with which we have yet come in contact, is taking the heart out of Japan? And may it not also be that the Japanese, with all his capacity for discipline, and his proclivity to suicide, has not a high capacity for war, any more than the sepoy, who is at least as brave, and in his own way quite as tenacious of his honour?

---

From The Saturday Review.  
JAPAN IN 1869.

It is not often that a collection of official papers is so attractive as the Blue-book which contains all the accessible materials for the history of Japan during the year 1869. In Sir Harry Parkes's despatches, and more fully in the documents and pamphlets which have been translated by Mr. Mitford and other members of the Legation, the historical student has the opportunity of observing the transition from feudalism tempered with theocracy to a state of society and government which has still to develop

its ultimate character. The evolution which in Europe has lasted through many generations is artificially forced forward in Japan by the influence of foreign example. There can be no doubt that the revolution which is still proceeding originated in the disturbance of ancient notions by the settlement of Europeans in the country, and by the operation of the treaties which were imposed on the Government. The most ingeniously imitative of nations at the same time resented the alien intrusion, and felt that there was much to be learned from the unwelcome strangers. Those who wished to return to the isolation of their ancestors concurred with the advocates of organic change in the desire to increase and concentrate the powers of the Government. A habit of mind which augurs political capacity has always inclined the Japanese to the cultivation and maintenance of political fictions. Innovations are never so beneficially and safely accomplished as when they purport to be revivals of some constitutional theory which is supposed to have fallen into temporary desuetude. All the great changes in the English Constitution were in former times deduced from real or imaginary precedents, as when the Declaration of Rights, and at a later period the Bill of Rights, were intentionally cast into a declaratory form. The people of Japan, actuated by a similar instinct of historical unity and political expediency, bethought themselves that the Government which they had occasion to overthrow derived its power from a recent usurpation dating only six hundred years back. The Shogoon, who used to be called the Tycoon, was the head of a great house of Japanese Carolingians, which had appropriated to itself the supreme power, while the Mikado, like the later descendants of Clovis or of the Great Mogul, vegetated in impotent dignity at his ancient capital. The Shogoon was the chief of the Daimios or vassals of the Empire, over whom he exercised little practical control, while in rank he was little more than the first of his peers. Some of these princes enjoy revenues estimated at one or two millions sterling, and many of them have, like the Emperor himself, fallen under the dominion of nominal dependents of their own. The conservative or religious temper of the Japanese had luckily preserved the succession of Mikados, who were commonly supposed by foreigners to be a kind of Grand Lamas or hereditary Popes, although they were in truth always regarded as the legitimate sovereigns of the country. Their pedigree, beginning with the gods who created Japan, extended over ten thousand ages; and the

beginning of their historical reign is generally dated about two thousand five hundred years ago. When it was thought desirable to effect a fundamental revolution, some of the great feudal chiefs, including Satsuma, determined to restore the Mikado to the exercise of his ancestral functions. The movement was so well timed that, after a short civil war, the Shogoon himself submitted; and at the beginning of 1869 the Mikado for the first time transferred his residence from the sacred city of Kioto to the political capital of the empire at Yeddo. There was a significant incongruity in the ceremonies of his entry. Guards armed with breechloading rifles marched in front of a gorgeous sedan or palanquin before which the assembled multitude bowed in loyal reverence, although they were aware that it was really empty, and that the Emperor himself occupied a plainer and more comfortable vehicle.

The political activity which has been stimulated by the revolution presents contrasts not less amusing. The Japanese have already provided themselves, not only with steamboats and rifled cannon, but with newspapers and a national debt, and they are commencing or meditating the construction of railroads and telegraphs. Immediately after his arrival at Yeddo the Emperor convoked a Parliament consisting of principal vassals of the Daimios, and the members seem to have displayed great though uninstructed political aptitude, although they afterwards discovered to their disappointment that their functions were only consultative. The Government at the same time prevailed on the feudal lords to surrender their qualified sovereignty, and even their estates, on the understanding that they were to receive back their territories to be held directly of the Crown. The title of Daimio was at the same time suppressed, and the chieftains as well as the aristocracy of the Court received in exchange the common and equal rank of nobles. It is impossible to ascertain whether any real change has taken place, nor is it probable that the Daimios have voluntarily divested themselves of power; but it can scarcely be doubted that the councils of the Mikado are directed by able statesmen, who see that a modification of forms is the first step to substantial improvements. Yet the continued use of Oriental extravagances of phrase in the midst of approximately free discussion indicates the tendency of a practical race to confine its efforts to useful changes. One of the Princes, addressing a judicious memorial to the Emperor in favour of administrative concentration,

declares that "in his folly and worthlessness, ignorant of the laws of decorum, he dares to lift up his voice in defiance of all propriety." "Cheerfully braving the punishment of the executioner's axe, he dares to lift up his voice." Other advisers of the Emperor express their readiness to be beheaded or boiled alive, if their presumption should be disapproved. It was in much the same spirit of humility that Lord Chatham used to lay himself at His Majesty's feet, as often as he refused to come to London when George III. required his presence.

The courteous reception of the Duke of Edinburgh by the Mikado, resulting from full and anxious deliberations, announced in the most intelligible form the determination of the Imperial Government to maintain friendly relations with foreign Powers. It is not to be supposed that old prejudices are extinct, although they have been for the present overruled, nor is the Government insensible to the anomalous presence of foreign troops on its own territory. In an able State paper, the Ministers declare that the existence of the English garrison at Yokohama is a violation of international law, but they admit that until the Japanese Government is strong enough to protect the life and property of foreigners the affront must be endured. The speakers in the Parliament, and independent political writers, express patriotic jealousy more strongly, and in a debate on a proposal for the abolition of *harikiri* nearly every member protested against the adoption of the absurd customs of Western nations which have never learned the practice of voluntary disembowelment. The motion itself was almost unanimously rejected as a perverse repudiation of the doctrines of ancestral wisdom. Some of the theories propounded in Japanese pamphlets are derived from the actual or assumed example of foreign nations, as when a writer proposes that all hereditary dignities and incomes shall be abolished in the clans, and that vacant offices under the feudal chief shall be filled up by universal suffrage and vote by ballot. A set of reformers, apparently under the direction of French adventurers, set up in one of the provinces a Republic founded on universal suffrage, which however was interpreted by the two-sworded or military class to mean that the franchise was exclusively limited to themselves. The Republic was happily suppressed with little difficulty, and the French sympathizers were summarily shipped off to their native country by their Ambassador. As in all States during periods of change, every sect and party tries to seize the opportunity of promoting its own special objects. A zealous

Buddhist, affecting to represent an established religion, bemoans the lukewarmness of the faithful and the carelessness of the clergy, who have, it seems, been lax enough to play chess, and to frequent tea-parties and musical assemblies; and he urges on an unsympathizing Government the obvious remedy of a persecution of the Christians. It is alarming to find that another politician of a secular or anti-denominational turn recommends the suppression of Buddhism, as well as of the rival superstitions of Catholicism and Protestantism. The official religion seems to consist mainly in the worship of the Emperor and his ancestors; but when it became necessary to find precedents for the reception of the Duke of Edinburgh, a form of prayer to a deity called the God of China was disinterred for the benefit of the Royal visitor. When the particular rubric was composed, China was the only foreign country recognized by Japan; but the adaptation of the liturgy to the case of an English Prince was judicious and satisfactory. A country which within living memory appointed at the beginning of every Parliament Triers of petitions from Gascony has no right to treat with disrespect Japanese efforts for the preservation of historical continuity. The singular activity of mind and fertility of resource which are exemplified in the elevation of the Mikado and in the inchoate reforms of his Government can scarcely fail to promote Japanese civilization. If in an age of prosaic levelling the people of Japan can succeed in retaining some picturesque traces of antiquity, they will have in one respect excelled their European and American teachers.

---

From The Spectator.

#### WHAT IS HUMOUR?

THE discussions of which there have been some specimens in our own columns, and many more elsewhere, as to the true characteristic of Charles Dickens's literary power, betray the usual difficulty in discriminating the true limits of humour and of its various subordinate species. We have even heard it denied by men of very acute and highly-disciplined powers, that Dickens was in any sense a humourist of a high class, and when we have asked what then his genius really consisted in, we have been told that it lay in his wonderful command of ludicrous conceptions, but that the command of ludicrous conceptions is quite a distinct thing from true humour, which is founded in a knowledge of human nature,

while a command of the ludicrous, such as Dickens displayed, may be based on little more than a strong feeling for all sorts of incongruities and great fertility in inventing and varying them. We confess that such a distinction as this seems to us quite untenable, and that in any sense in which we can call Shakespeare one of the greatest of humorists, or Molière a great humorist, or Swift a great humorist, or Jane Austen, or Thackeray a great humorist, the genius of Dickens displayed a humour richer and higher than the highest kind attained by any of those, though some of them were, of course, as far above Dickens in general intellectual strength as Dickens was above Horace Smith or Miss Burney.

We do not believe that there can be found any definition of humour which will hold water for a moment that will either draw a clear and impassable line between wit and humour, or between humour and any other subdivision of the faculty of the ludicrous. All that keenly excites our sense of incongruity comes in one way or other under the same head, and it is the sense of the incongruous, — whether in that thinnest and most superficial shape of puns or verbal tricks and artifices which form the staple of our worst burlesques, or in the highest of all forms in which the incongruity is brought home to the very roots of human passion and emotion, — which constitutes the essence of every witty, humorous, or ludicrous feat. When Pope, parodying Sir John Denham's description of the Thames in his poem on Cooper's Hill, likened Welstead to a current of thin beer, —

"So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull,  
Heady, not strong, and foaming though not full,"

he gave what would be ordinarily called a tolerable illustration of smartness in invective — in other words, of the lower order of satirical wit. The pungency, such as it is, of such a couplet as this as clearly consists in the various incongruities bound up together, in the comparison between the beauties of a flowing river and the muddy drippings of a beer-barrel, or again, in the contrast between the noble rapids of a full poetic genius and the frothy eddies of a dull and vapid sentimentalism, — as does Thackeray's fine stroke of humour when he makes Becky, in the bitterest remorse for her own miscalculation, exclaim dolorously to Sir Pitt Crawley, when he is on his knees, begging her to become his wife, "Oh, Sir Pitt, I'm married already!" The difference between the two cases is that the incongruity



which Thackeray delineates with his usual swift and bitter strokes, is the incongruity of the heart, the incongruity between the suggested feeling of remorse and Becky's selfish self-reproach; while the couplet in Pope contains nothing but a careful incongruity of metaphors and of literary proportions. Burlesque, travesty, caricature, parody, satire, contemptuous parable of that grim and saturnine kind in which Swift was so great a master, and finally, the humour rooted in the deepest and most delicate sense of the inconsistencies of human motive and feeling, are all varieties of the same genus, essays in incongruity by minds more or less susceptible to the pleasant shock caused by various shades of incongruity. When Hamlet follows in imagination the noble dust of Alexander till he finds it stopping a bung-hole, he is in precisely the mood of mind which gives birth to humor, and if it does not exactly touch the springs of laughter it is only because the contrasts between the humiliation of the flesh and the triumphs of the spirit have in all ages been so much the theme of meditation that we have ceased to feel the incongruity as a *surprise*, which is an absolute condition of the specific effect of either wit or humour.

The difference so deeply felt between a wit and a humorist consists only, we believe, in the greater degree of sharp intellectual paradox on the one hand, or of the paradox of personal and subjective feeling on the other, which is at the basis of the surprise. When Voltaire described taking medicine as "putting drugs of which we know little into bodies of which we know less," the whole form of the criticism was sharply intellectual, and involved exceedingly little, if any, of that rapid gliding from one personal and subjective phase of feeling to another of an opposite kind to which it stands in paradoxical contrast, which is of the essence of humour. But when Coleridge, in his bitter attack on somebody's porter, asserted that "dregs from the bottom half-way up and froth from the top half-way down constituted Perkins' Entire," that was a flash half-way between wit and humour. The theoretical accuracy of the exposition, the satire implied in the contrast between this spurious combination of dregs and froth and the word *Entire* (*integer*) which expresses specifically wholeness and soundness of essence, were all what what we should call wit; but the ripple of personal feeling in passing from the disgust of a thirsty man who has found his porter all undrinkable, to so intellectual a form of invective on it, is of the very essence of humour. Again, Charles Lamb's tipsy

delight when the Cumberland stamp-distributor said that Shakespeare was a very clever man, delight which he displayed by lighting a bed-candle, dancing round him, and calling out, "Allow me to have a look at that gentleman's organs," while Wordsworth, in utter horror, tried to restrain him by reiterating, "Charles, my dear Charles!" was pure humour. There was hardly any intellectual operation involved in the matter at all, only the rapid transition of Lamb's own personal feeling from sleepy indifference to the most vivid curiosity on hearing so silly a remark. Where any other man would simply have laughed, Lamb, in spite of his soporific brandy-and-water, was apparently stimulated into the most intense desire to explore the sources of such a moral enigma; and the humour lies in his having realized the absurdity of the remark so much more vividly than he realized the conventional restraints imposed by social habits, that he could only ignore the latter altogether in his delight at finding a fine specimen of the literary idiot. So, again, Lamb's ready answer to the Highgate omnibus conductor, who put his head in to ask, "All full inside?" when Lamb was half asleep in the corner, — "I really can't answer for the other ladies and gentlemen, but that last piece of pudding at Mrs. Gilman's did the business for me," was so humorous, not from the ready pun on the meaning of the conductor, but from the picture it presents to us of the interior mind of Charles Lamb, gravely assuming that the question was directed to the state of his stomach, and of the impulse of perfect candour which appeared to induce him to make this frank confession to the assembled company.

Now, applying this distinction between the tickling of the intellectual sense of incongruity involved in pure wit, and the ready transition from one condition of personal feeling to another almost inconceivable in close connection with it which is implied in humour, to the case of Mr. Dickens, we think we may fairly say that there was comparatively little of the wit, and a truly astounding amount of the humorist in him. Even his poorest successes, the successes in way of parody and travesty, with which he opened the "*Pickwick Papers*," are feats of humour, — for instance, "there sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and enlightened the scientific world with his theory of tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the silent waters of the one on a frosty day, or a solitary specimen of the other in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar," — even this is humour, though humour of a comparatively

poor kind. The contempt with which Dickens enters into the ostentatious rhetoric of charlatan science, the skill with which he chooses the illustrations most humiliating to it, and the high-sounding gravity with which he conducts his elaborate metaphors to a close, all transport you to the interior of his mind, and make you experience for yourself the slight moral shock with which you find the grandeur of the Parliamentary and the spurious scientific style of oratory undermined and toppling down into very closely-allied nonsense. Just the same somewhat superficial but very lively humour pervades the whole of the admirable American parodies in "Martin Chuzzlewit." When Mr. Putnam Smif writes "that every alligator basking in his slime is in himself an Epic self-contained," or Miss Codger dilates on the thrilling nature of the impressions on her feelings with which she finds herself introduced "to a Pogram by a Hominy," but asks herself why she calls them her feelings, or why impressed they are, or if impressed they are at all, "or if there really is, oh, gasping one! a Pogram or a Hominy, or any active principle to which we give those titles," the humour surely consists in the exhibition of that close affinity between inflated intellectual ambition and positive idiocy, which by happy and easy touches of exaggeration the humourist renders so glaring. The humourist, we believe, as distinguished from the wit, always moves on the inner line of impulse and motive, always identifies himself more or less with the secret springs of paradox, always plays on the moral paradoxes of the mind within; while the wit occupies a critical and external position, and makes his play with the cross-purposes and antitheses he discovers in the field of external thought or action. The most decisive note of the former is the preference for speaking by the very mouth of the person to be made ludicrous, of the latter the preference for launching criticisms at him from outside. Where humour and wit are blended, as they are so often are, the procedure is double, as, in the saying of Coleridge we have analyzed above; there is, in the first place, a sharp intellectual paradox to excite amusement; and then, when we pass beneath it to the play of feeling and motive in the mind of the wit, we find grotesque contrasts of moral scenery which are more amusing still, because they display humour as well as wit.

And if Dickens may fairly be called a great humourist in his moods of burlesque and travesty, such as those in the early part of "Pickwick," and of the American por-

tion of "Martin Chuzzlewit," he is infinitely more so in those moods in which he displays the plausibilities and falsehoods of human nature through the mouths of his chief favourites, his ideal vulgarities or impostures, Noah Claypole, Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Pecksniff. It will be asserted by some that this is not true humour, because these puppets of Dickens's are not real characters, because they are only glorified abstractions of cowardice, vanity, selfishness, and hypocrisy, and are free from all the inconsistencies of actual human nature. Doubtless they are not real men and women in the sense in which Shakespeare's characters, or Miss Austen's, or George Eliot's are real men and women. But we deny that that is any way necessary for the purposes of a humourist. All that a humourist, as a humourist, can be expected to do, in order to attain the very perfection of humour, is to bring out perfectly the true moral absurdities and paradoxes in human nature;—and this may be done as perfectly,—we believe more perfectly, so far as the humorous effect alone goes,—with a careful selection of moral qualities and a certain amount of subtle exaggeration of them, than it could be done with real men and women. Delightful as is the humour with which the birth-proud, purse-proud, and empty-headed Lady Catherine de Vere is painted in Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*,—when she says, for instance to the heroine, "I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet, I send no compliments to your mother, I am most seriously displeased,"—the feat of humour as such is not enhanced by the fact that Lady Catherine throughout is always sketched as she might really have been,—a narrow-minded, arrogant woman, so full of self-importance that she supposes any interruption of the courtesies of life, on her part, will really be felt as severely as the withdrawal of an ambassador by a great State would be felt by the small State with which diplomatic relations were broken off. The humour of the conception, great as it is, is not at all the greater, we maintain, because the woman is truly painted, and never overdrawn. Mr. Pecksniff is vastly overdrawn. No real hypocrite would ever be so ostentatiously hypocritical as he is. Still, there is not less but more of mere humour in that exhibition of him—as when he proposes to Martin Chuzzlewit to surprise his dear girls, and accordingly begins to walk softly and on tiptoe over the country, though he was still a mile or two from home, or when he gets tipsy and tells Mrs. Todgers of his late wife that "she was beautiful, Mrs. Todgers,—she had a small property,"—than in the

more delicate and real painting of Lady Catherine de Vere's immeasurable self-importance. The humour does not consist in the reality of the whole picture in either case, but in the shock of surprise with which the grotesque blending of mean and pretentious elements in human nature is in both cases alike brought home to the reader. Where this shock is keenest, and fullest of real moral paradox, the feat of humour is greatest. And that this is often greatest in cases where the humourist has left something *out* of nature, and perhaps exaggerated something *else* in it, in order to bring home his special paradox more powerfully, seems to us past doubt. Consider the wonderful humour with which the enormous and immeasurable vanity of the last person one would think likely to indulge vanity, a snuffy, intemperate, monthly nurse, is brought out in Mrs. Gamp. The mixture of brutal selfishness with that vanity is a much less subtle touch, for that might be suggested by the professional character of the woman. But the inexhaustible humour of the picture of Mrs. Gamp consists in her vanity and the subtleties of device to which she has to resort in order to gratify it. These are the kind of conceptions which seem to us to place Dickens at the very head of all English humourists. His best figures are pure embodiments of his humour, — not real characters at all, but illustrations, conceived with boundless wealth of conception, of the deepest moral incongruities of the heart.

---

From The Spectator.

MR. GOSCHEN ON THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

THE "weary Titan" still staggers along, oppressed, it may be, by the "too vast orb of his fate," or it may also be by his own stupidity, but at least it is not for want of bit and sup that his strength is overborne. Mr. Goschen's lucid and forcible speech of Friday week will, we trust, remove some of that sense of nervous depression which every now and then saps English strength more seriously than sickness. A hundred symptoms show that the cycle of gloom which set in in 1866 with the fall of Overend, Gurney, and Co. is at length passing, has, indeed, almost passed away. The nation is again making money at an enormous rate, and driving every kind of decently secure investment up to unprecedented figures. Foreign Stocks, Indian Stocks, Home Railway Shares, all securities which are beyond

the control of mere speculators and offer above four per cent. were never so dear; risky loans for millions, like that loan for Peru, are taken with avidity; the cup is getting full, and in all human probability some new burst of speculation is at hand, which may take a beneficial form — for instance, we could get rid of a hundred millions in making cheap country railways with immense advantage — but will more probably turn out to be a mere method of depletion. However it goes, the country is once more getting rich, and the money is filtering downwards to the actual workers. The people, as Mr. Goschen showed by unimpeachable figures, are consuming more sugar, more tea, more beer, spirits, and tobacco, more in fact, of every kind of popular luxury, than ever. Their savings have also increased, while the exports of cotton, of wool, of linen, of iron, of machinery, have reached a figure wholly beyond precedent. By the testimony of all manner of men — Factory Inspectors, Poor-Law Inspectors, Members for great cities — the Lancashire trade, the silk trade, the flax-spinning trade, the lace trade, and above all, the iron trade, are all so flourishing that the want is not of work to be done, but of hands to do it. Even the iron shipbuilding trade, which was at so low a point, is reviving, and the only one believed to be still under serious depression is the building trade of London, which has, it is believed, been considerably overdone. So great is the demand for hands in some parts of the country, that Mr. Goschen believes that internal emigration would do more to help the people than emigration to America, while it is certain that no relief which can be afforded by the departure of a few workpeople is equal to the relief caused by the revival of any one great trade — relief, we must add, which would be more rapid and diffused if the Trades' Unions — in this one respect at least false to their central idea of the brotherhood of labour — were not so jealous of the intrusion of outsiders. There is hardly a trade into which a countryman of thirty, however clever, can enter at his own discretion — one of the many social disqualifications which press upon the agricultural labourer.

The picture thus drawn by Mr. Goschen, and truly drawn — for the President of the Poor-Law Board is a man who does not manipulate figures, but treats them with the reverence of the born statist — is a very pleasant one, especially to those who believe that wealth is the foundation of civilization; but yet what a weary load it is that, according to the same speech, this country

is carrying, and must carry! There are 1,100,000 paupers on the books, and not one tenth of them will be taken off by any revival whatever, for not a tenth of them are workers. The rest are children — 350,000 of them alone — widows, people past work, cripples, lunatics, incapables, human drift of one sort or another, the detritus of commerce and labour, a compost of suffering, helplessness, and disease. In addition to the burden of the State, in addition to the burden of the Debt, which we talk of as nothing, but without which England would be the least-taxed country in the world, this country has to maintain an army of incapables twice as numerous as the Army of France, to feed, and clothe, and lodge and teach them, — an army which she cannot disband, and which she seems incompetent even to diminish. To talk of emigration, of enterprise, even of education, as reducing this burden, is almost waste of breath; for cripples do not emigrate, the aged do not benefit by trade, when education is universal children must still be kept alive. While the Poor Law exists, with its fatal lesson that starvation is not the divinely-appointed penalty of idleness and unthrift, while the whole population is taught by the law, by the respectables, and by the clergy that it has a right to throw its relatives on the parish, any serious lifting of the burden would seem to be beyond human hope. We at least see none, save in such an alteration of the law as may once more permit the extinct virtues to develop themselves, such a return to stern principles as shall once more retone the national mind. We despise the Southern races for the way in which they tolerate mendicancy, but how are they worse than we, who give to every mendicant a legal right to a share in the income of the worker? It is in this direction, in a solidification of flaccid opinion, that we see hope, and in this alone; not in an emigration which can but remove those who create wealth, leaving behind those who consume it; not in any revival of trade, which will not diminish our burden, but only increase our capacity to bear it; not in any social change, which cannot give health to the sick, or strength to the aged, or experience to childhood; and even in this direction the hope we see is very slight. So firmly convinced are we of the evils of the Poor Law, that we believe its total extinction would cause less suffering and less evil than its continuance; but no statesman in Parliament will risk soul as well as body upon that heroic remedy of despair. We would not risk it ourselves, even by irresponsible

advice. The country can but go on endeavouring and endeavouring, if it may be, to reduce the burden by slow degrees. We may, if we have the courage and the energy, turn the Unions into hospitals, board out all children, till, sharing the lot of the workers, they may catch something of their readiness to toil; refuse all relief save that of the hospital, and above all, leave the able-bodied poor to meet as the able-bodied above them do the pecuniary misfortunes of life. By the abolition of the legal right to relief, by the refusal of all relief out of doors, and by compelling children to acquire capacity to work, we may limit the evil, and only limit it. All these things will, we believe, be done in time; but we regret the ever new questions which arise to delay the solution of this transcendent one. It is not Mr. Goschen's fault, or Mr. Gladstone's, and yet we confess to a disappointment that this Ministry has not shown more eagerness to commence its greatest task, the campaign which it must wage against pauperism, against the popular readiness to plunder by a demand for alms. The conciliation of Ireland is a great task, and so is the organization of our administrative machinery; but the extinction of pauperism is a greater still, so great that it visibly daunts even our present rulers, and makes optimists like ourselves, who hold that difficulties disappear as we advance, shrink from recommending the efforts which we yet know to be indispensable. Let ministers say and journalists write what they will of British prosperity, what is the use of it all while our labourers are housed like cattle, while our cities are pauper-warrens, without air, or light, or beauty, while a half of our people look to charity to maintain them in old age, and while a million of human beings are only kept alive by compulsory deductions from the income of those who toil?

From The Spectator.

#### CANADA AS AN ALLY.

"If you have a friend who is warmly attached to you, and who is efficient, who can and will help you in your undertakings and wants but little friendship in return, snub him continually. It will develop his self-reliance, and self-reliance is good for people." That is the substance and moral of the extremely interesting and extremely cold-hearted speech with which Lord Northbrook on Monday entertained the House of Lords, a speech which we greatly fear

has not been read as widely as it deserved to be. No more striking testimony to the value of English institutions and English principles of statecraft has ever been given, than his account of the advance made by the Dominion towards an independent and a noble national life. A philosopher like De Tocqueville, studying five years ago to discern the chances of a future career for Canada, would have said that all the circumstances which statesmen are accustomed to take into consideration were, on the whole, unfavourable to the rise of a new nation. A people few in number, and occupying a terribly scattered territory unusually devoid of advantage of climate, made up of two races, speaking two languages, and believing two widely separated and usually hostile creeds, were compelled in their weakness to build up a State by the side of the mightiest Republic in the world, — a Republic ambitious, aggressive, and at the moment emerging victorious from a war of unprecedented magnitude and duration. This people, moreover, was by historical circumstance inexperienced in the arts of statecraft, by law compelled to submit to the policy of another State three thousand miles away, and by temperament precluded from establishing the iron organization which has so often in the history of the world enabled a petty people to defy apparently irresistible assaults. Canada could not be to North America what the Prussia of Frederick was to Europe. Above this people, thus weakened by social differences and vast material distances, was a Legislature framed by provincial delegates, whose first care was that Parliament should not be too strong, and guided by men who seemed to the statesmen of the Old World big children playing at legislation, by a Cabinet in which the leaders were an acute Scotch-Protestant Premier, with a tendency to reckless joviality; and a light-hearted, easy-going French Catholic Minister at War, raised to his position through the implicit confidence felt in his fidelity by the Catholic priesthood. Our philosopher certainly would have predicted that such a Government, even if it succeeded in legislation, would break down in military organization, would lack the feeling of nationality and the impulse of self-defence, — that what with English control and want of experience and social circumstances, the Dominion must be a nearly powerless State. Yet it is precisely at this point that the Canadian Government has succeeded beyond all hope or precedent. The grand merits of the contrivance — that the people are attached to it, that they are free and happy under it,

that they elect the rulers in whom, efficient or inefficient, they confide; that it is left to them to stand by the State or to desert it; and that all this liberty in excess is consistent with citizenship in an Empire of vast resources and a history of a thousand years — have made up for every other deficiency, and the new State born only yesterday is as strong for battle as many a monarchy of the Old World. The Home Government contributed officers, experience, a few regiments as instructors, a military tradition, and about half a million's worth of military stores, and the Dominion itself provided all else that was required. With a courage deserving all praise, her statesmen proposed and her Parliament accepted an Act placing every male between 18 and 60 at the disposal of the Crown for service in the event of invasion; and this principle once established, the rest was left to the Executive. Mr. Macdonald, the Scotch Protestant, found the means; Sir Etienne Cartier, the French Catholic, devised the system, and in less than 20 months a true though cheap army of 600,000 militia had been organized, and in Lord Monck's opinion could be actually called into the field, with its permanent staff in complete order, and with no less than 5,300 officers regularly educated in military schools. Out of these men, again, an advance guard, so to speak, of 40,000 Volunteers has been organized, ready for active service on any emergency, and so real is their willingness, so thorough their discipline, that when the last Fenian raid but one tested the strength of the Canadian Government, 1,095 officers, 12,394 men, 863 horses, and 18 guns were within forty-eight hours on active service in motion against the enemy, and the number could have been doubled without a delay of hours. The Dominion, in fact, has an effective and *moveable* army of 40,000 men, just as well-disciplined as any army likely to oppose it, and a reserve almost as great, and likely to be as efficient, as the army which its mighty neighbour could summon into the field. It is no longer a mere congeries of provinces lying open to invasion, but an armed State, which it would take time, and generalship, and treasure, and bloodshed to conquer, which could maintain a struggle almost as formidable as that supported by the South, which in the very worst event could give the Empire time to bring up its forces to the struggle which even the Colonial Office admits it would be dishonourable to avoid.

No result of a policy could be more satisfactory; but then, what is that result? Surely this, — first of all, that we have in



Canada an ally worth having, a friend who gives as well as takes, a child who, so far from burdening, is greatly increasing the resources of the household. Common justice, not to speak of statecraft, would seem to require that such an ally should be treated with every consideration, that the wishes of such a relative should have some weight in the family affairs, that he should be treated with the respect due to independent and most successful exertions on the common behalf, that he should be regarded as a favoured ally, rather than a burdensome connection whom it would be well to shake off. That, however, is not, so far as we can gather from Lord Northbrook's speech and the comments of their supporters in the Press, the idea of the Colonial Office. The "Department" thinks that because Canada has done so much, its own policy in diminishing aid and refusing courtesy is amply justified, inasmuch as those unpleasantnesses have created self-reliance in the Colonies, which will be further developed if the mother country declines to garrison the fortress of Quebec, and indeed if it withdraws its troops from Canada altogether. We entirely agree with the Colonial Office if the Dominion wishes the troops withdrawn, but this existence or non-existence of a wish on the matter is precisely the one point which the Office declines to consider. It may be very wise to concentrate force at home — though we doubt it, suspecting that concentration is a mere preliminary to reduction — but then in politics, as in private affairs, one has to consider the disadvantages as well as the advantages of any course of action; and it seems to us that the Office makes a mistake in the calculation. We obtain a slight advantage in money and a greater possible advantage in the concentration of power, at the cost of compelling a most valuable ally to consider whether a friendship so grudgingly bestowed, a friendship which gives nothing, not even honour, is worth the having, whether self-reliance had not better de-

velop itself into isolation. We can, say the advocates of economy, defend Canada from attack more easily when our troops are withdrawn than when they are locked up in Quebec. Very likely; but shall we? — that is the Canadian doubt — and is defence from attack all that Canada desires? If it be, she can obtain her desire much more easily by joining the Union; but as we understand her people, they desire not only a protection to which they now contribute at least their share, but a place in the Empire, a recognition that they are not only to be defended, but are worthy of defence, — a visible proof that they are still Britons, subjects of the Queen, members of an Imperial organization, men who are to share in the good and ill fortune of this little island with its unique history. That proof they say they obtain from the presence of a few men who may not be of very great value in a campaign, but who are only present in lands regarded as integral portions of the Empire, who are to friends and foes a visible symbol that Britain is pledged to perish before the land they "protect" can be surrendered to violent assault. While the redcoats remain, every Canadian is for all that interests the imagination also something more, — a man entitled to boast of the triumphs and share the reverses of the first, or at all events the most world-wide, of existing Powers. It is merely a sentiment, no doubt, but then so is patriotism, and nobody has ever discovered an emotion which could supersede patriotism in giving vitality to States and Empires. It may take ten thousand men and a million sterling a year to keep the flag flying in the English-speaking Colonies, — that is, to keep up the moral unity of the Empire, to secure the unshakable alliance of a ring of States, of which one only has within five years made itself the second power upon the American Continent. It is for the people of England, and not for the Colonial Office, to judge whether that result is worth the money invested in securing it.

A LARGE congregation attended Mr. Martineau's chapel in Little Portland Street on the 11th of April, to hear Keshub Chunder Sen, the leader of the Bramo Somaj, a Society of Hindoo Reformers, who have renounced idol worship without embracing Christianity. Among those present were members of both Houses of Parliament, and several men of eminence in science and literature. The devotional part of the service was

conducted by Mr. Martineau, and at its close Keshub Chunder Sen ascended the pulpit, and announced as his text the words, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being," but without quoting the passage from the Bible. The address, which was powerful and telling, was delivered extempore in excellent English, with scarcely a trace of any foreign accent, and in a simple and easy style.

Examiner.